the weekly
Standard

DECEMBER 26, 2005

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Here Come the Brides!

Stanley Kurtz on the Future of Marriage

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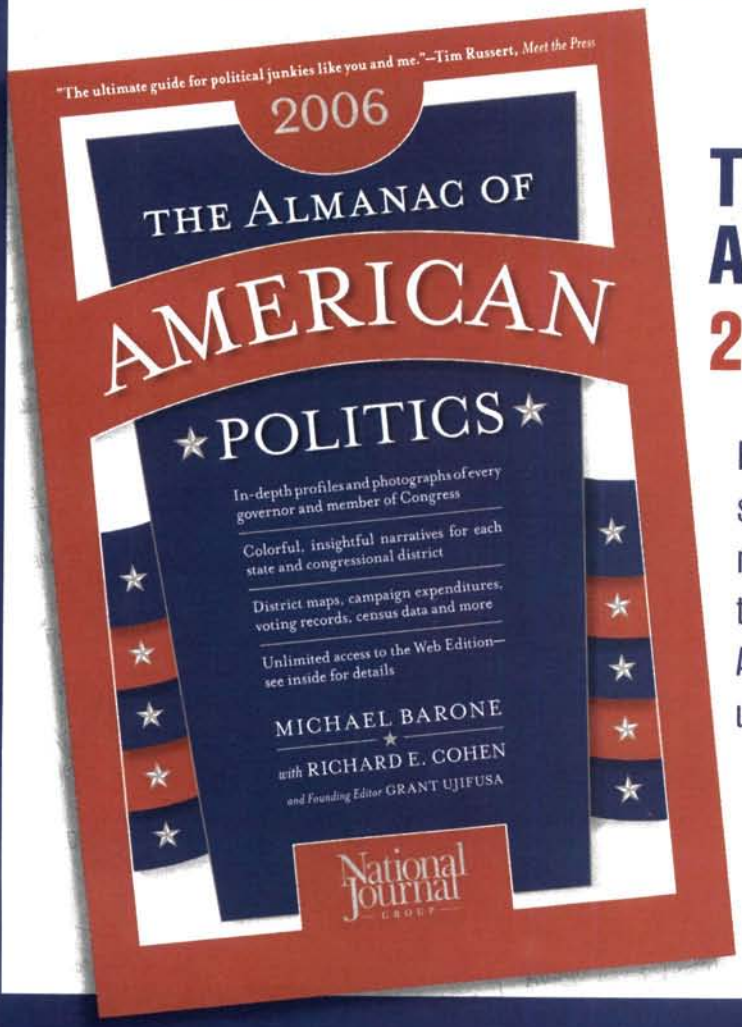

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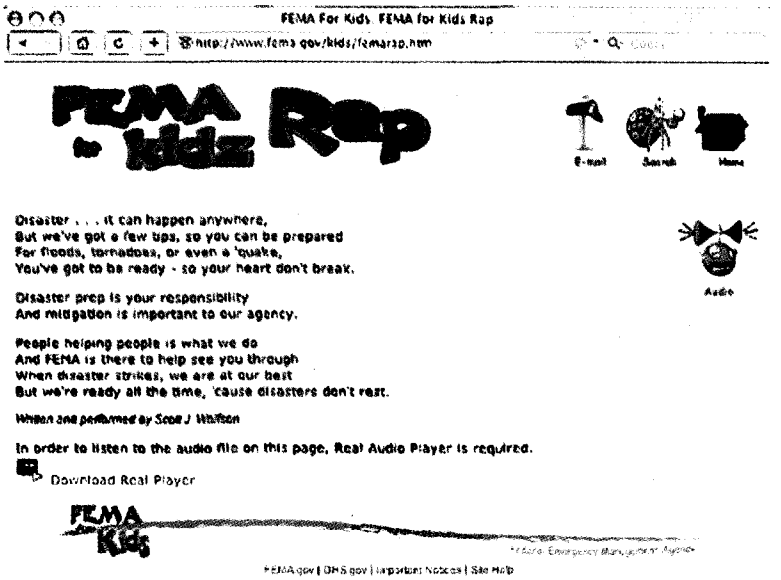
More Reasons to Love FEMA

To most people, catastrophes like Hurricane Katrina can mean the loss of homes, jobs, and even lives. To the ever vigilant Federal Emergency Management Agency, it can also mean cyber-fun, as the lighter side of natural disasters is explored on their website, "FEMA for Kids."

Not only can fans of cataclysm follow the adventures of "Julia and Robbie: The Disaster Twins," a pair of star-crossed cartoon characters who are stalked by natural disasters. Youngsters can also become "Disaster Action Kids," which will earn them a certificate and make them part of a super-special email group. They'll receive regular FEMA missives, assuming they can still find their computers in the flood-damaged wreckage where their computer hutches used to be. Who knows? They might even get an entertaining one, like that sent from former FEMA chief Michael Brown to a colleague: "If you'll look at my lovely FEMA attire, you'll really vomit. I am a fashion god."



But if you're starting to think the "F" in FEMA stands for "feel-good," the agency does get into a bit of business best left to the private sector: making rap music. In a hip-hop subsection of "FEMA for Kids," you can hear the "FEMA for Kidz Rap." (Notice the "z" in "kidz," which says "I am not just a Nordstrom's-shopping dork. I have street cred, or would, if this were 1989.")

The lyrics have all the fiery soulfulness of the Robert T. Stafford Disaster Relief and Emergency Assistance Act, as amended by Public Law 106-390, aka, FEMA's statutory authority: *For floods, tornadoes, or even a 'quake / You've got to be ready—so your heart don't break / Disaster prep is your responsibility / And mitigation is important to our agency.*

A FEMA spokeswoman told THE SCRAPBOOK that the rhyme was written a few years ago by the son of a former FEMA employee. Presumably, he wasn't asked for his resignation after submitting the recording. The kid's MC skillz might be a Katrina-like disaster, but considering the subject matter, he still did a heckuva job. ♦

A CIA Success Story!

Former President Jimmy Carter, in an interview for the January issue of *GQ* magazine, reveals how, on the recommendation of then-CIA director Stansfield Turner, he once authorized a psychic to make targeting decisions—while "in a trance"—for America's satellite surveillance system:

GQ: *One of the promises you made in 1976 was that if you were elected, you would look into the* [UFO] *reports from Roswell and see if there had been any cover-ups. Did you look into that?*

CARTER: *Well, in a way. I became more aware of what our intelligence services were doing. There was only one instance that I'll talk about now. We had a plane go down in the Central African Republic—a twin-engine plane, small plane. And we couldn't find it. And so we oriented satellites that were going around the earth every ninety minutes to fly over that spot where we thought it might be and take photographs. We couldn't find it. So the director of the CIA came and told me that he had contacted a woman in California that claimed to have supernatural capabilities. And she went in a trance, and she wrote down latitudes and longitudes, and we sent our satellites over that latitude and longitude, and there was the plane.*

THE SCRAPBOOK figures this woman is probably no longer alive. Otherwise they'd have found bin Laden by now. ♦

Coalition Update

In April 2004, when Spain's new premier announced a withdrawal of Spanish forces from Iraq, it was front-page news in both the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*. A year later,

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when Silvio Berlusconi hinted he might start bringing Italian troops home, that was also a page-one article in the *Times*. The *Post* gave front-page treatment to a July 2004 piece about the pending departures of coalition members Norway, New Zealand, Thailand, and the Philippines, and the probable exits of Holland and Poland. We could go on, but you get the point: When a U.S. ally pulls out of Iraq, it's a Big Story—another sign of George Bush's "dwindling" coalition; a further "blow" to the war effort.

But what about when an ally, or two, re-ups? Well, that's No Big Deal. Earlier this month, Japan decided to keep its contingent in Iraq for another year—until December 14, 2006. Meanwhile, Prime Minister John Howard said Australia's 450-troop team, which is guarding Japan's task force in southern Iraq, would stay past its May deadline and remain as long as the Japanese did.

Good news for the coalition, good news for the Iraqis. Yet somehow—wonder of wonders—this story warranted zero coverage in both the *Times* and the *Post*. Okay, maybe it wasn't A1, above-the-fold material. But to not mention it at all? In fairness to the *Times* and the *Post*, most other major U.S. newspapers—including the *Boston Globe* and the *Los Angeles Times*—ignored the story, too.

And they wonder why THE SCRAPBOOK has to watch its blood pressure. ♦

Uh-oh

Around this time of year, the *Albany Times Union* promotes its Holiday Fund to help senior citizens by profiling one in particular. A couple of weeks back, it featured Sam Patalino, 78, from Latham, New York, a one-time lounge singer and restaurateur. As staff writer Marc Parry told it, Patalino "says his rumba around the drums once made the girls scream." As for marriage, "That's something Patalino . . . never did."

Perhaps the editor's note added to the profile a day after it first ran can shed some light: "The man profiled in this *Times Union* Holiday Fund story is a registered sex offender. The newspaper learned of Sam Patalino's status after a reader called the newsroom. In response, the *Times Union* has announced changes in how it screens Holiday Fund profile candidates."

Patalino was arrested in 1991 for having sexual contact with a 10-year-old boy. We won't say the reporter should have seen it coming, but there was this odd little Santa's list at the end of the original profile: "There's another thing [Patalino] dreams about. Something that, compared with his Radio Shack tape recorder, is a little . . . well . . . extravagant. . . . Something that would let him make such music! As he put it, 'Oh boy.' A karaoke machine."

As the paper's editor noted, "I don't think our readers would want us to reserve our charity only for those who are without blemish." Indeed. And on that note, THE SCRAPBOOK wishes all its readers a very Merry Christmas. ♦

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Casual

Patently Ridiculous

One of my favorite scenes from *The Sopranos*, HBO's hit series about a New Jersey mob boss and his dual "families," happens in Season 1, Episode 8, shortly after the feds rummage through the Soprano home looking for contraband. Munching on Chinese food with his wife and two kids, Tony grumbles about the FBI officer with an Italian surname: "I mean, what's he think? He's gonna make it to the top by arrestin' his own people? . . . You'd think there never was a Michelangelo, the way they treat people."

This sparks an ethnic-pride moment involving the whole family. "Did you know that an Italian invented the telephone?" wife Carmela asks son Anthony Junior.

"Alexander Graham Bell was Italian?" he responds.

"Antonio Meucci invented the telephone!" snaps Tony. "And he got robbed! Everybody knows that!"

"Who invented the Mafia?" asks daughter Meadow, with a sly grin. Tony glares at her.

Meanwhile, Anthony Junior has one more query: "Is it true that the Chinese invented spaghetti?"

"Now think about it," his dad tells him. "Why would people who eat with sticks invent something that you need a fork to eat? And here's something else I bet you didn't know: More Italians fought for this country in World War Two than any other ethnic group."

I was reminded of this scene a few weeks ago when I heard that scientists had unearthed the world's oldest bowl of noodles. Found in northwest China's Lajia archaeological site, the thin yellow strands apparently date back some 4,000 years. "Our discovery indicates that noodles were first produced in China," researcher Houyuan Lu told the BBC.

Thus ends the Great Spaghetti Debate. "Chinese were pasta masters 2,000 years before Italians," blared a headline in the *Times* of London.

But at least the Italians—and the Sopranos—still have Antonio Meucci. Well, sort of. In June 2002, Congress passed a resolution crediting Meucci with inventing the telephone and charging Alexander Graham Bell with "fraud and misrepresentation."

Not everyone was convinced. "To accept Meucci's claim," argued an article on *Newsweek*'s website, "you have to be part conspiracy theorist, part mad scientist, part Italian-American activist." The Canadians were especially piqued. Bell, you see, spent part of his life in Brantford, Ontario, and often vacationed in Nova Scotia, where he died and was buried. A 2004 CBC poll ranked him as one of the "top ten greatest Canadians." In response to the U.S. congressional vote, Ottawa's House of Commons passed a motion affirming Bell as the telephone's genuine creator.

I mention this *not* to take a potshot at Canada's risible inferiority complex—oops, too late—but to observe the recent spate of revisionist history surrounding inventors. Okay, maybe the trend isn't all *that* recent, but for me it is.

Some of these "Who Invented What?" debates can be quite fun. Do we thank Abner Doubleday or Alexander Cartwright for giving us baseball? Did the ice cream cone first emerge at the 1904 St. Louis World's Fair, or had pushcart vendor Italo Marchiony come up with the idea years earlier? Was Robert Fulton unduly recognized for the steamboat? And who *really* invented the Internet (besides Al Gore)?

The answer to many such questions is Clintonian: It depends on the definition of "invent." It may also depend on your heritage. If you're Scottish, then you know damn well the game of "gowf" was invented at St. Andrews. But if you're from Holland, you probably have a different opinion.

Indeed, feuds over famous inventions are, like so much in modern life, bound up with the politics of identity. Which also means I'm way out of sync. My own forebears hail from the land of William Wallace, and yet I couldn't give a flying flagstick whether the Scots or the Dutch were hitting the links first.

But maybe I should. After all, we live in an age when *collective* self-esteem—that is, self-esteem derived from one's membership in a particular group—supposedly matters more than *personal* self-esteem, otherwise known as, er, self-esteem. Maybe I should ask my congressman to propose a measure citing Scotland as the birthplace of golf. And maybe, the next time I feel wronged, I should wrap myself in a saltire and take refuge in the many and diverse accomplishments of the Scots.

I mean, geez, you'd think there never was a Sean Connery, the way they treat people!

Duncan Currie

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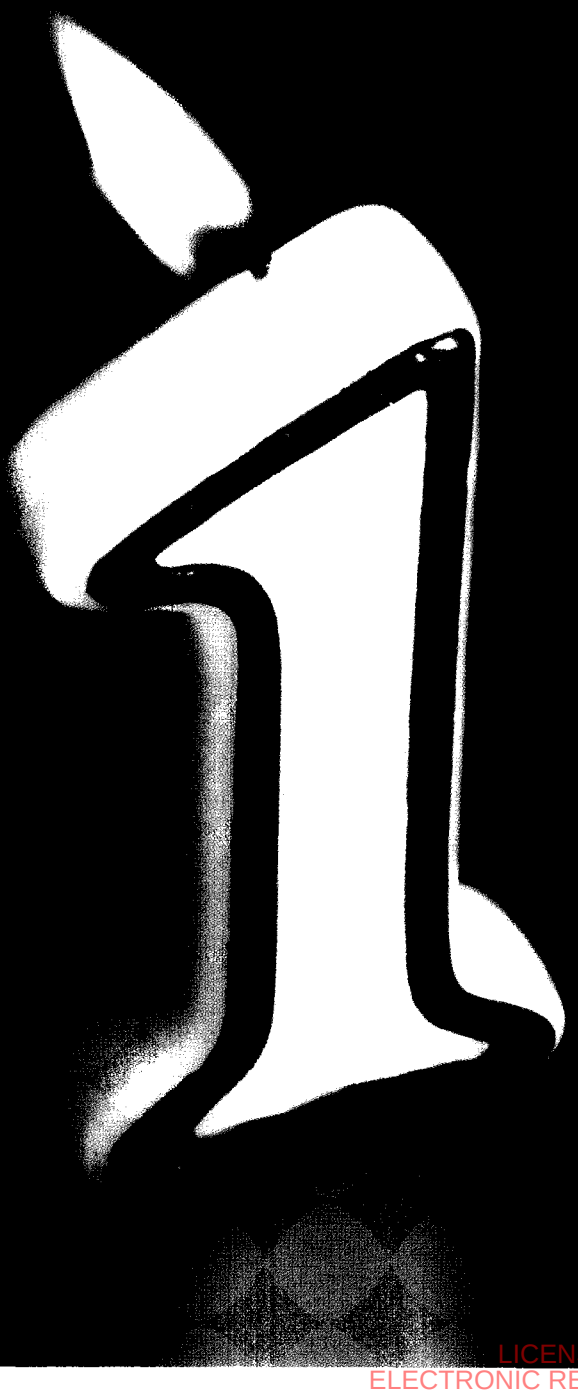
Being NUMBER ONE is nothing to celebrate.



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Correspondence

A Spin on Torture

Regarding David Tell's "Torture Logic" (Nov. 28): If, as I have seen elsewhere, "torture" includes being deprived of sleep, being made to stand up for hours at a time, being shouted at, and being given unfamiliar food, then the Army tortured me for three months of basic training, and it did me nothing but good.

C.J. Olsen
Port Townsend, Wash.

No Place For Utopians

Hats off to Charles Krauthammer for his intellectually honest "The Truth about Torture" (Dec. 5), in which he adeptly illustrates a telling contrast between liberal and conservative ethics in practice. Liberals naively presume a utopian rest-state, so they seek policy that, theoretically, keeps us there (e.g., "we'll disallow torture anywhere, anyhow, anytime"). Conservatives readily acknowledge the permanency of mankind's sinful tendencies yet place endless faith in man's innate desire for good. Thus, they seek policy that turns our heads toward utopia while arming our hands with tools necessary for survival in this very wicked world (e.g., "we'll consider torture only in these extraordinary circumstances . . . "). Honor is not spawned from human purity but arises from the brave pursuit to improve our existence in a fallen world.

Todd Miller
Grayson, Ga.

Whiskey in the House

Joseph Lindsley's "Bourbon Renewal" (Nov. 28) reminded me of one of America's great orations, reportedly delivered in 1952 by Mississippi state representative Noah "Soggy" Sweat Jr. while Prohibition was being debated before the state legislature (Mississippi did not repeal its prohibition of alcohol until 1966, the last state to do so). Here is an excerpt from what we here in Mississippi know as the "Whiskey Speech":

"If when you say whiskey you mean the Devil's brew, the poison scourge, the bloody monster, that defiles innocence, dethrones reason, destroys the home, creates misery and poverty . . . then certainly I am against it.

"But if when you say whiskey you mean the oil of conversation, the philosophic wine, the ale that is consumed when good fellows get together, that puts a song in their hearts and laughter on their lips, and the warm glow of contentment in their eyes; if you mean Christmas cheer; if you mean the stimulating drink that puts the spring in the old gentleman's step on a frosty, crispy morning; if you mean the drink that enables a man to magnify his joy and his happiness . . . then certainly I am for it." So, in the latter spirit, I suggest you responsibly enjoy a little whiskey this Christmas season.

Brian Perry
Jackson, Miss.

Dislocated Solution?

Irwin M. Stelzer presciently observes in "Improving Bush's Vision" (Dec. 12) the public disdain for the dislocation of American jobs, which free-trading Republicans ignore at their peril. He is correct to describe Adam Smith as a savvy *political* economist. Note, then, that in Smith's quotation, he does not abhor duties, but rather "high duties." Unfortunately, Stelzer seems too reliant upon government programs in proposing a cure for the looming dislocations. It is admirable to seek ways to help American workers, but as a national economy, eventually we all will pay somehow for supporting the dislocated worker—either through government/social programs or through higher product prices due to duties. Take your pick. The big difference is that government imposed programs are administered by the government, while duties, though likewise imposed by the government, are administered by the consumer.

Stan D. Donnelly
St. Paul, Minn.

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the weekly Standard

"Happy Days!"

The purple ink on 11 million Iraqi fingers had not yet dried after an unprecedented, almost miraculous exercise in democratic freedom—and already there were querulous American critics working hard to make light of the whole thing. "Experts Cautious in Assessing Iraq Election," ran the headline on a Friday *Washington Post* story by Robin Wright; "High Turnout, Low Violence a Positive Step but Not a Turning Point, Analysts Say." And indeed, the indefatigable Ms. Wright had telephoned her usual cast of sour experts, each of whom was eager to help explain why, whatever else it might be, the peaceful election of a national assembly for a fully self-governing Arab democracy was Not a Turning Point. Elsewhere in the *Post*, former Clinton assistant secretary of state Susan Rice took the occasion of Iraq's elections to reject, with a bit of a sneer, Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice's assertion that democracy in Iraq serves American security interests.

Bill Roggio

Iraqi women and U.S. Marines share a laugh at a polling station

Funny, isn't it? We seem to remember that the Clinton administration's declared foreign policy doctrine was something called "democratic enlargement." No longer operative, it seems. Will any leading Democrat, other than Joe Lieberman, bring himself to unambiguously celebrate this eruption of democracy in the heart of the Arab world?

In Iraq, just about everyone is celebrating. "Happy days!" cheered Salim Saleh to a *New York Times* reporter. "Before, we had a dictator, and now we have this freedom, this democracy," Emad Abdul Jabbar, a 38-year-old Sunni, told the *Times*. "This time, we have a real election, not just the sham elections we had under Saddam, and we Sunnis want to participate in the political process." "We are so happy," Sahera Hashim told the *Financial Times*. "We hope for security, good life. We have suffered too much in the past." The mayor of Ramadi, an insurgent and Sunni stronghold, compared the elections to a wedding: "Right now, the city is experiencing a democratic celebration." Another Sunni man told a *Post* reporter, "All my neighborhood is voting. God willing, after the elections things will be good."

The biggest story of this election, apart from its obvious milestone character, is the staggeringly high Sunni turnout. In October we were being assured, by the usual experts, that the passage of the constitutional referendum was a disaster, another of many final nails in the coffin of Iraqi democracy: The Sunnis would now never participate in the electoral process. It turns out that they did participate, and they did so with eager anticipation that through the new democratic process their voices could be heard and their interests protected.

It also turns out that one of the major reasons Sunnis had not participated before was fear that they would be killed by terrorists and insurgents. This time, with 160,000 American troops and thousands of newly trained Iraqi soldiers and police, there was a sense of security. "Last time, if you voted, you died," Abdul Jabbar Mahdi, a Sunni, told the *Times*'s Dexter Filkins. "God willing, this election will lead to peace." As Filkins notes, "Comments from Sunni voters, though anecdotal, suggested that a good number of them had stayed away from the polls in January not because they were disenchanted with the democratic process, but because they were afraid of being killed."

Not a turning point? The participation of the Sunnis in such high numbers by itself marks this election as a watershed. Either something dramatic has happened to Sunni attitudes, or true Sunni feelings were previously suppressed. Among the Sunnis he interviewed, the *Times*'s John Burns found "a new willingness to distance themselves from the insurgency, an absence of hostility for Americans, a casual contempt for Saddam Hussein, a yearning for Sunnis to find a place for themselves in the post-Hussein Iraq." The *Washington Post* quotes a voter literally wrapped in the Iraqi flag as saying, "It's the national feeling." According to the *Los Angeles Times*, in Sunni-dominated Falluja, voters chanted, "May God protect Iraq

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Bill Roggio

Eager voters lined up at a polling station in Barwana

and Iraqis." The majority of Sunnis appear to have decided to cast votes rather than plant bombs. One Sunni man told a reporter, "We do not want violence and for others to say Sunnis are spearheading the violence in Iraq." Amer Fadhel Hassani, a Sunni resident of Baghdad, said, "If we get more seats, it will be quieter. The ones who were absent in January will now have a voice."

They have a voice partly because of the apparent success of the recently adopted American/Iraqi counterinsurgency strategy of "clear and hold." There may now be a realization among Sunnis that the insurgency is not winning, and thus violence may not be the best way for them to recover their lost power—or even to strengthen their bargaining position. Sunni fence-sitters seem to be tilting toward involvement in the political process. A more active counterinsurgency strategy—and the presence of 160,000 American troops—has not, as some predicted, reduced Sunni participation in the political process or engendered greater hostility and violence. On the contrary, the extra troops helped provide the security that made it safer for Sunnis and others to vote, and for democracy to take root. If American and Iraqi troops continue to provide basic security, and if Iraq's different sects and political groups now begin to engage in serious, peaceful bargaining, then we may just have witnessed the beginning of Iraq's future.

And not only Iraq's future. One 50-year-old Shiite schoolteacher told the *Los Angeles Times*, "I am proud as an Iraqi because our country is becoming a center of attraction for all Arab countries. The new situation in Iraq, the democratic system, is starting to put pressure on the Arab systems to make some changes toward democracy." Such thoughts cannot yet be freely expressed in the salons of Washington, D.C., and New York City. But they seem to make sense in today's Iraq.

Has this one election settled everything, or even anything? Is Iraq now safely on the path to a durable democracy? Of course not. One voter told a *New York Times* reporter, "Iraqis aren't used to democracy, we have to learn it." True enough. They will have to learn it, and this learning process will take time and be attended by many backward steps, many errors, and many crises. But now, at least, they have a chance.

Iraqis would not have had that chance had the United States chosen to leave Saddam Hussein in power. They would not have had that chance if American troops had been withdrawn or reduced from the already inadequate levels established after the invasion in 2003. And they will lose that chance if the United States now begins a hasty reduction of forces. Burns reports that even Sunnis unhappy with the American presence favor only a "gradual drawdown," and only if Iraq has achieved a sufficient level of security and stability. "Let's have stability, and then the Americans can go home," one Iraqi store owner told Burns. Informed that President Bush was saying exactly the same thing, this man replied: "Then Bush has said it correctly."

—Robert Kagan and William Kristol

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A War Without Heroes?

Only if you're reading the mainstream media.

BY FRED BARNES

DO YOU KNOW who Paul Ray Smith is? If not, don't feel bad. Most Americans aren't familiar with Paul Ray Smith. He is the first and only soldier awarded the Medal of Honor for extraordinary courage in the war in Iraq. Five days before Baghdad fell in April 2003, Sergeant Smith and his men were building a makeshift jail for captured Iraqi troops.

Surprised by 100 of Saddam Hussein's Republican Guards, Smith and his men, some of them wounded, were pinned down and in danger of being overrun. Smith manned a 50-caliber machine gun atop a damaged armored vehicle. Exposed to enemy fire, he singlehandedly repelled the attack, allowing his men to scramble to safety. He killed as many as 50 of Saddam's elite soldiers and saved more than 100 American troops. Paul Ray Smith, 33, was killed by a shot to the head.

The war in Iraq is a war without heroes. There are no men—or women, for that matter—known to most Americans for their bravery in combat. There are no household names like Audie Murphy or Sgt. York or Arthur MacArthur or even Don Holleder, the West Point football star killed in Vietnam. When President Bush held a White House ceremony to award the Medal of Honor to Smith, posthumously, the TV networks and big newspapers reported the story. The coverage lasted one day. The story didn't have legs.

Instead of heroes, there are victims. The two most famous soldiers in the war are Jessica Lynch and Pat Tillman (in Afghanistan). Lynch was captured by Saddam's troops after her truck crashed. Stories of her heroism in a gun battle with Iraqis turned out to be false. She was rescued later from an Iraqi hospital. Tillman, who gave up a pro football career to join the Army, was killed by friendly fire. "The press made that a negative story, a scandal almost," says a Pentagon official.

It gets worse. In a study of over 1,300 reports broadcast on network news programs from January to September of this year, Rich Noyes of the Media Research Center found only eight stories of heroism or valor by American troops and nine of soldiers helping the Iraqi people. But there were 79 stories, Noyes said, "focused on allegations of combat mistakes or outright misconduct on the part of U.S. military personnel."

Who is responsible for the lack of heroes? The Pentagon bears some of the blame. "We could do a better job," says Larry Di Rita, deputy assistant secretary of defense for public affairs. But the fault lies mostly with the media. With the striking exception of CBS News, the media aren't interested in stories of heroism by Americans in Iraq.

And even when the media take an interest, it isn't always respectful. When CNN took up the medal awarded to Smith the day after the ceremony at the White House, here's how anchor Paula Zahn presented it:

"Time now for all of you to choose your favorite person of the day. Every day, you can vote on our website, *cnn.com/paula*. Today's choices: the mourners pouring into Rome, spending hours in line to pay their respects to the pope; Medal of Honor winner

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Sgt. Paul Smith for giving his life to save so many of his fellow soldiers in Iraq. And British prime minister Tony Blair, calling for a new election, even though his party has lost support in the polls."

At least Smith won. Zahn went on to describe his heroic act and call up soundbites from the president and Smith's widow. "His actions in that courtyard saved the lives of more than 100 American soldiers. Scripture tells us . . . that a man has no greater love than to lay down his life for his friends."

The *New York Times* took an odd approach to the Paul Ray Smith case. The nearer the awarding of the Medal of Honor came, the less coverage the Smith case got. It was as if the *Times* didn't want President Bush to get any credit for honoring Smith.

The day after the White House event, the *Times* put a picture of Smith on page A16 with a brief caption. True, the *Times* had run two earlier stories about Smith, one in 2003, the other earlier this year. The first was headlined: "The Struggle for Iraq: Casualties; Medals for His Valor, Ashes for His Wife." The second said Smith would get the Medal of Honor.

The back-page treatment of the award ceremony infuriated the White House. "We keep hearing how the people opposed to the war are not against the troops but only against the president," an official said. "Man wins the highest medal this nation offers—and you know how rare that is—and the *Times* does not think that is worth a full story and on page one. The Medal of Honor is not about the president. It is about the troops."

The media have no excuse for ignoring heroism. "There's no dearth of opportunity there," says Di Rita. In Iraq and Afghanistan, American Marines alone have been awarded 8 Navy Crosses, 35 Silver Stars, 617 Bronze Stars with "V," 1,126 Bronze Stars, and 5,197 Purple Hearts.

For its part, the White House has made an effort to play up heroes. In his speeches on Iraq, the president frequently singles out soldiers and sailors. Last month in Annapolis, Bush cited Marine Corporal Jeff Starr, who had been killed in Ramadi. He left behind a message on his laptop and the president read a portion of it. "If you're reading this, then I've died in Iraq," he wrote. "I don't regret going. Everybody dies, but few get to do it for something as important as freedom."

Reuters / Landov / Larry Downing

homeofheros.com

Paul Ray Smith and his family (top)

Last July 4, Bush spoke at West Virginia University and mentioned two men who'd served in Iraq with the state's National Guard. One of them, Lieutenant James McCormick, had just written him a letter. "If needed, all of us would return and continue the mission," McCormick wrote. "It's a just and much needed fight."

Bill McGurn, the chief White House speechwriter, says the stories of heroism are easy to find. "There are gazillions of them," he says. "It's like dipping your hand in a barrel and pulling one out." And when the president mentions a brave American service man or woman, that person tends to get some press coverage, if only in a hometown paper.

There is an exception to the rule on heroes. Beginning in May 2004, CBS News began running a short feature on "fallen heroes" on its evening news show—every night. A few sentences touched on the life and death of a deceased soldier. Despite the name, however, these stories did not focus on heroism. Then on December 5, 2005, CBS revamped the feature and began calling it "American Heroes." The segment was expanded to include, as anchor Bob Schieffer put it, "not only those killed in the war zones, but also those who display exceptional courage on the battlefield and beyond."

On December 8, the hero was Gary Villalobos. He and his lieutenant were ambushed during a house-to-house hunt for enemy soldiers. The lieutenant was killed. Villalobos didn't retreat. He fought off insurgents and risked his life to protect a fellow soldier. In all, the CBS segment consisted of only 67 words—but words rarely spoken by the media.

The CBS feature, as admirable as it is, won't create national heroes. The segments are too short and involve a different person each night. For a soldier in Iraq or Afghanistan to achieve national renown—to become a celebrity even—the media would have to dwell on his heroism. That didn't happen with Paul Ray Smith. So don't get your hopes up. ♦

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Next Thanksgiving

And Thanksgivings past.

BY LARRY MILLER

Los Angeles

I BROKE MY ANKLE on Thanksgiving night, 2004. We had my sister and her kids staying with us from New Jersey, and my sister-in-law and her family from Huntington Beach in Orange County. No better joy in a house than when all its beds and couches are full.

In addition, for the meal, were a couple of my comedy-writer friends. It was one of these, Barry Marder (who wrote the wonderful Ted Nancy *Letters from a Nut* books), whom I was walking outside with, about ten at night, when he said something funny, and I threw my head back laughing and clapped my hands in pleasure. It was the momentum of these two gestures, coupled with misplacing one of my Allen-Edmonds wing-tips on a sloped part of our moist driveway, that sent me into a perfectly executed chimp-flip. I did not stick the landing, and this caused a snap that can best be called pretty loud.

A lot of you sour-pussed sticklers for detail might put on a self-satisfied smirk and say, "Oh, but Larry, weren't you also drinking pretty steadily throughout the day? Maybe that's the real reason for your pathetic slip?" Fine, all right, maybe it was. Okay? Feel better? You're always right, aren't you?

I hobbled back inside, but feeling no pain (I guess that's how they came up with that phrase), and we all put our giant brains together and decided the best thing for me to do was sit down on the couch, elevate the ankle, put some ice on, and hope it was just a little twist. A twist that cracked like a whip, but a twist. Take it easy and see what happens. Oh, and have another drink. (I think that was my contribution.)

Well, it was broken, and I finally went down and got a cast after a few days of walking like Walter Brennan; and right after my wife said, "Hey, idiot. Go to the hospital." But it was nothing, as breaks go, and I was back doing the merengue in a couple of months.

One of my nephews there that day, Robert, was 17. He was the one who brought me the drink when I was on the couch, and seemed to think the whole thing was pretty funny. Then he asked if he could have one, too, and I glanced over at his folks, and they said no, and my wife said, maybe next year.

The next year, this Thanksgiving, a few weeks ago, I gave him a drink. A couple, in fact. We had them together, with his dad, and everyone thought it was fine. I know it's not legal, but why not? Hell, he's 18 now, and I was drinking at 18, and a good bit before, in fact, and look how I turned out, huh? (Oh, shut up.)

Later that night after the meal I saw him in our 6-year-old's bedroom building Legos together, and it was pretty cute. A little after that, when our kids were back downstairs jumping around, I went looking for Robert and found him asleep on the floor, curled up like a baby, surrounded by train tracks and baseballs, using a stuffed lion as a pillow. Pretty adorable as well, but I wasn't smiling this time, just staring. I thought about telling his folks how cute it was, how young he looked, but I didn't. I couldn't.

After a minute or so I sighed and turned and walked a little down the hallway, and stopped again and stared straight ahead for a bit. There's a reason I didn't tell them. It's the same reason I gave him a drink.

Last Monday, December 12, 2005, Robert started boot camp as a Marine in San Diego, at the base they call The Grinder. (I'm pretty sure the reason they named it that has nothing to do with any special affection for long sandwiches in New England.)

There's nothing deeper I can say than that. I've known him since he was three, and we're together every Thanksgiving. Sometimes at their place, sometimes at ours. A couple of years ago, he gave our kids a big bag full of old Legos to take home from his closet that his mother had saved. They're all mixed together now.

You already know the rest, whether anyone you love is serving or not. Most of you reading this have the same feeling for our soldiers I do. I hope our leaders use them well. No. I hope they use them better. I've never served in anything, and I know as much about tactics as a golden retriever. But I hope they use them better.

Maybe next Thanksgiving Robert and all his new friends will be fine. Maybe all our soldiers will be fine, and everything in Iraq will be fine, too. Maybe they'll all be okay. But they won't, will they? Some will be hurt, won't they? Some horribly. Some worse. I don't expect that image of him sleeping on the floor will ever leave me.

Last Thursday night Helen, his mom, called us when they knew he was leaving, and we all spoke and said whatever should be said. The same things you'd say.

Then she asked if she could speak to me for a second, and everyone said goodbye, and she got a little quieter and said, "I know we're always in your prayers, right?"

"You are," I said.

Then, after a short beat, she said, "Pray harder."

"I will." ♦

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The Heirloom Congressional Seat

Politics is increasingly a family affair.

BY CHARLES MAHTESIAN

THE ETHICS SCANDALS swirling about Capitol Hill make it all but certain that the 2006 elections will be unusually focused on character. That's a good thing, of course, except that it obscures a different development, one that stands to be equally influential in determining the personality of our national legislature—the rise of the heirloom congressional seat.

In the 109th Congress, there are 30 members of the House and Senate whose parents also served in Congress, four sets of siblings, and four wives who succeeded their husbands. There's also a gaggle of congressional offspring back home, quietly positioning themselves for their parents' impending retirements, including two candidates who are running to succeed their fathers in 2006.

There's nothing unusual about the practice of political inheritance. America has a rich history of it, dating back at least to the Adams family of Massachusetts. Forty years ago, in his 1966 book *America's Political Dynasties*, scholar Stephen Hess counted some 700 families in which two or more members had served in Congress since 1774. Family connections continue to play a role at all levels of American electoral politics—including the presidential, where every winning ticket since 1980 has featured a son or a grandson of a United States senator.

In Congress, where the high cost of campaigning and the tremendous value of name recognition encourage legacy candidacies, more than a handful of districts have remained a family affair for decades. In Missouri, William Lacy Clay and his father, William L. Clay, have held a St. Louis-based seat since 1969. The Shusters of central Pennsylvania have occupied their district since 1973. San Antonio's Charlie Gonzalez won election in 1998 to the seat his father, Henry, first won four decades earlier.

Daniel Lipinski

Roll Call Photos

Tennessee boasts two House heirs—one from each side of the state.

But none of these father-and-son pairs comes close to matching the family that holds the current congressional record for uninterrupted service: Between son John D. and father John, the Dingell family has held their southeastern Michigan seat for 72 straight years. The last time the local congressional ballot lacked a Dingell, Herbert Hoover was president.

Consider the case of Daniel Lipinski, the newly elected Democratic representative from Illinois's 3rd District, on the South Side of Chicago. In August 2004, his father, Rep. William Lipinski, made the surprise announcement that he would not seek reelection in November. His decision to retire came unusually late in the election cycle—five months after he won the party primary and less than 90 days before the general election—but the 22-year-veteran made sure his constituents had an obvious replacement. Within days of his retirement announcement, the elder Lipinski engineered a unanimous vote of local Democratic ward committeemen to endorse his 38-year-old son.

In the heavily Democratic 3rd, the party imprimatur virtually guaranteed that Daniel was going to Washington. But Daniel Lipinski had not actually lived in the district for quite some time—he took a master's degree at Stanford, followed by a Ph.D. at Duke, before moving to Knoxville, Tennessee, where he was employed as an assistant professor at the University of Tennessee. Local critics claimed that the senior Lipinski had even gone so far as to plant a patsy candidate on the Republican side of the ticket as insurance. "If he's a real candidate," wrote a *Chicago Sun-Times* columnist of Lipinski's nominal opponent, "then I'm Britney Spears."

Congressman Lipinski, a well-connected local powerbroker, denied the allegation. But there was something odd in Chicago's Bungalow Belt. The GOP nominee, a 26-year-old political novice, was the rare congressional candidate who didn't seek publicity, didn't raise money, and didn't post a campaign website. "No one has had any contact with him," Republican Cook County commissioner Tony Peraica told *Congress Daily*. "This whole thing is really a sham."

As undemocratic as it seems, the questionable succession scheme has become commonplace. In December 2002, Alaska's newly elected Republican governor, Frank Murkowski, appointed his daughter Lisa to fill the vacancy created by his resignation from the Senate. Earlier that year, Florida Democrat Carrie Meek succeeded in bequeathing her House seat to her son by timing her retirement

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announcement so close to the candidate filing deadline that no competitive challenger could emerge. The plan worked like a charm: Kendrick Meek won the open seat without any primary or general election opposition whatsoever.

The parent-to-child hand-off doesn't always work. In Louisiana, 30-year-old Billy Tauzin III failed in his 2004 bid to succeed his father, GOP representative Billy Tauzin Jr., despite the outgoing congressman's best efforts. In August, Tauzin the elder contributed $40,000 to the state Republican party—the same month the party endorsed his son, an act that enraged competitors in the then-undecided primary. Opponents filed a complaint with the Federal Election Commission; Tauzin won the party nomination anyway. He lost in November, victimized in part by attacks mocking him as "Little Billy."

Tauzin at least made it to the general election, which is further than Republican Brad Smith, son of retiring Rep. Nick Smith, got in Michigan's 7th District in 2004. The younger Smith's campaign briefly drew national notice when his father alleged that Republican House leaders offered $100,000 for his son's congressional campaign in exchange for his vote for the Medicare prescription drug bill in November 2003.

The incident ended up before the House ethics committee, where several members, including then-Majority Leader Tom DeLay, were eventually admonished for their involvement in the affair. Nick Smith himself was rebuked for making comments based on "speculation or exaggeration" and for his failure to cooperate fully during the investigation. His son Brad ultimately finished second in the primary.

As unsavory as the entire episode proved to be, it revealed something equally disturbing about how members of Congress think. When it came time to turn the screws on Nick Smith, his colleagues came to this conclusion: The thing of greatest value to a congressman is the succession of a child to his seat. ♦

Election Day on the Euphrates

Democracy vs. Zarqawi

BY BILL ROGGIO

Barwana, Iraq

IN THE SUNNI-DOMINATED province of Anbar, the cities of Barwana, Haqlaniya, and Haditha are collectively known as the Triad. Over the summer, before the joint U.S. military and Iraqi forces established a security presence in the Triad, Abu Musab al-Zarqawi, al Qaeda's commander in Iraq, was said to have run up the black flag and declared the region an "Islamic Republic." Beheadings, hangings, and execution-style killings were routinely carried out against those who were believed to have cooperated with U.S. forces or the Iraqi government.

On Election Day last week, the atmosphere in the Triad was quite different. In the city of Barwana, with a population of approximately 20,000, voters showed up in droves. The process was more or less orderly, and no one was harassed for participating. I observed all this as an embed with Lima Company of the 3rd Battalion, 1st Marines, the unit assigned to ensure the security of the city in conjunction with the Iraqi Army.

The polling site in Barwana was on the Euphrates River, between hills and a teeming palm grove, a welcome site in the land of deserts. The voting center was easy to secure as well as accessible to the residents. But there seemed to be a hidden meaning behind its placement. The voting center sat directly beneath the recently destroyed Barwana bridge, where Zarqawi terrorists had routinely executed residents. And the building itself used to be the headquarters of the local Baath party. If there was a message here, it was this: The old order is dead, and a new government has replaced the repressive regimes that once dominated the Triad and Iraq.

Turnout was heavy. During the referendum on the Constitution in October, about 2,300 total votes were cast in the city. Today, the polls opened at 7 A.M., and Iraqis immediately lined up to vote. By 8:30 A.M., the lines snaked up the street. At the end of the day, it was estimated that over 5,000 ballots had been cast.

The overwhelming majority of voters were men. Only 47 women came to the polls. They brought their small children and babies, and were covered from head to toe in the traditional black dress of the region, with only their faces exposed, bearing exotic tattoos. The children were colorfully dressed and smiling, curiously looking at the Iraqi soldiers and U.S. Marines.

The women were searched by female Marines brought in specially for the election. Several of the Iraqi women struck up friendly conversations with the Marines, and many photographs were taken with the women of both countries and the children of Iraq (see photograph on page 7).

The male residents of Barwana were subjected to several security searches, which were the exclusive responsibility of the Iraqi soldiers. The Iraqi unit was made up of a newly formed battalion, and the recruits were pretty green. Curious about the interaction of the soldiers and citizens, and potential conflicts between the Sunnis and Shiites or Kurds, I asked the Iraqi soldiers where they were from. The vast majority hailed from Shiite regions.

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The Iraqi soldiers patted down voters and scanned them with hand-held metal detectors. I observed some good-natured ribbing between the voters and soldiers, with what appeared to be jokes about checking under the men's headdresses and the need to search a little more closely the bellies of some overweight voters. No Sunni-Shiite hatred surfaced in my presence.

By mid-morning, there was a rush of voters, which caused logistical problems inside the polling center. As a significant portion could not read or write, they required assistance with their ballots. The impression among some impatient voters and some of the military observers was that poll workers were not moving quickly enough. Heated disagreements broke out between the poll workers, city councilmen, and some voters. There was pushing, shoving, and shouting, and a press of bodies towards the entrance into the voting center.

Peter Steiner

An Iraqi soldier fired several rounds in the air in an attempt to deffuse the situation. It worked, but the gunfire came at a cost. A few voters angrily left the courtyard, and one of the council leaders attempted to barricade those remaining. Some voters in line outside the building fled for fear of violence, but the majority of those inside and outside the building remained, awaiting their turn.

Captain Shannon Neller, commander of Lima Company, ordered water, which belonged to the Marines and Iraqi troops, to be distributed to the Iraqis waiting to vote. As there were many older men and young children in line, and the day had grown warm under the late morning sun, the gesture was greatly appreciated. As Marines and Iraqi soldiers stepped through the razor wire and handed out bottles to the smiling and grateful crowd, good will was reestablished.

After lunch, the lines grew short as fewer voters headed to the center and, because of improvements inside the polling center, ballots were being cast more efficiently. At 5 P.M., the polls closed and the U.S. Marines and Iraqi troops began to break down the rings of security. There were no security incidents in Barwana, and very few in Iraq.

The Marines guarding the polling station felt a sense of accomplishment, and recognized the importance of the day's events. They were proud of their months of hard work and sacrifice during combat operations and subsequent rebuilding efforts, but they understood the future of Iraq lay with its people. There was a sense that they had witnessed history, a sense I shared.

Overall turnout was estimated at 67 percent, well above the 58 percent for the January elections. Voting in three large Sunni cities was high as well: Turnout was estimated at 70 percent in Falluja, 80 percent in Saddam's hometown of Tikrit, and 80 percent in war-torn Ramadi.

Barwana, once part of Zarqawi's self-declared "Islamic Republic of Iraq," was thus the scene of al Qaeda's greatest nightmare: Muslims exercising a constitutional right to choose their own destiny. The other Sunni towns and cities along the Euphrates River and in the Sunni Triangle have chosen as well. ♦

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Valley of Jihad

With the Hizb ut-Tahrir in Central Asia.

BY NICHOLAS SCHMIDLE

Karasuu, Kyrgyzstan

ONE FRIDAY THIS FALL, I went to a mosque in Karasuu, Kyrgyzstan, to hear a fiery Uzbek imam preach. The imam regularly draws a crowd of several thousand worshippers, and many of them, I was told, belong to Hizb ut-Tahrir, an extremist Islamic group bent on reestablishing the caliphate in Central Asia, and eventually around the world. The group exists in more than 160 countries. It is particularly active around Karasuu. So for several hours, I crouched beside a busy dirt road, drinking chuli, a syrupy juice made from apricots, and chatting with parishioners about Hizb ut-Tahrir as they filed in and out of the mosque.

It's likely that, for most Americans, Hizb ut-Tahrir (the Party of Liberation) is an unfamiliar name. It hasn't bombed any schools or sawed off anyone's head. That's not its style. In more than 50 years of existence, the party has never committed an act of terrorism. In fact, unlike al Qaeda or Hamas or various other jihadist groups, the Hizb uses only nonviolent tactics to pursue its goal of eventually overthrowing the non-Islamic governments around the world and uniting Muslims under one ruler, the caliph. And though it shares many ideas with al Qaeda, the Hizb is keen on keeping its distance. It's tough business, after all, raising the call for jihad without raising the sword.

But is Hizb ut-Tahrir any less dangerous than those groups that have become household names in the United States? Two of the party's founding members went on to become leaders of the militant Fatah faction of the Palestine Liberation Organization and Palestinian Islamic Jihad. If violent *jihad* has a gateway drug, Hizb ut-Tahrir might be it.

Among the people I stopped that day in Karasuu were two thin, middle-aged men, one wearing a denim jacket. Neither openly admitted belonging to Hizb ut-Tahrir, but there were telltale signs in their speech. The tone of their voice vibrated with zealotry as they drilled me on my own religious beliefs, proselytized, and then berated America for its policies in the Muslim world. At one point, the man in the denim added with frankness and disgust, "[Uzbek president Islam] Karimov is a Jew. The butcher will fall." The biggest giveaway, however, was a unique phrase—"the universe, man, and life"—that they kept saying. When I asked an Uzbek friend later that day about the phrase, he grinned: "The universe, man, and life," he said, are repeated over and over in Hizb ut-Tahrir's *resaleh*—a collection of religious decrees.

Most parts of Central Asia feel more like a forgotten part of the Soviet Union than a part of the Islamic world. Signs are all written in Cyrillic and statues of Lenin still tower over public squares. During Ramadan, when observant Muslims fast by day, I nearly had to fight for a seat in a café at lunchtime. Hizb ut-Tahrir represents only a small minority of an otherwise tolerant Muslim populace. Radical Islam in Central Asia just doesn't pose the same kind of threat it does in, say, Pakistan or the Middle East.

Even Hizb ut-Tahrir's rise can be attributed in some measure to non-Islamic factors. The Ferghana Valley, where the Hizb is most present and which Karasuu is part of, is a vast, fertile area covering parts of Kyrgyzstan, Uzbekistan, and Tajikistan. The Ferghana Valley has always been the most restive part of Central Asia. Today, it is poor, unemployment is high, and the people, most of whom are Uzbek, hate President Karimov, who is the target of much of the Hizb's literature.

A leaflet distributed in May, one week after the massacre in Andijon, Uzbekistan, that left hundreds of demonstrators dead, was titled: "This is how the butcher of Andijon committed his crime." People are also fed up with the difficulties of crossing borders in the Ferghana Valley, a region that was borderless until 15 years ago, when the Soviet Union crumbled. Folks who are otherwise not attracted to the Hizb's ideas sympathize with its plan to form a borderless state. The man in denim offered this explanation of why he joined the Hizb: "Socialism was godless and capitalism is a lie." By default, Hizb ut-Tahrir is the last ideology standing.

While official pronouncements in Central Asia paint the Hizb as the root of all evil, many people in the street disagree. When I asked a 22-year-old university student in Bishkek about the threat Hizb ut-Tahrir poses, she stared back at me incredulously and wanted to know if I was kidding. She, like several other democracy and civil society activists I met, even supports the idea of inviting the Hizb to participate in elections. Mahmudjon Dodoboev, who belongs to a monthly forum of Tajik policymakers that is part of an internationally sponsored Dialogue Project, said, "We must not be afraid. They are not armed. They are not trying to fight. They are only extremists in ideology."

But that ideology is spreading "like the roots of a tree—or like cancer," said the chief coordinator of the Dialogue Project one afternoon in Dushanbe. A consequence is that Hizb ut-Tahrir has become the most organized opposition movement,

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albeit one totally uninterested in running for office, to the despotic regimes in Central Asia. And their platform? In September, Imran Waheed, the London-based spokesman for the party, laid out the party's vision of an Islamic state. He dismissed Iran and Saudi Arabia as viable models. "Only lip service is paid to Islamic law" there, he said.

Hizb ut-Tahrir will continue to befuddle policymakers. Its secretive and diffuse nature makes it difficult to observe—and even more difficult to understand. That being said, Kumar Bekbolotov, a journalist with the Institute for War and Peace Reporting, cautioned against taking the Hizb too lightly. Is Hizb ut-Tahrir a real threat? "They should be," he said. "Just listen to their message." ♦

A Sultan with Swat

Remembering Abdul Hamid II, a pro-American caliph. BY MUSTAFA AKYOL

AL QAEDA'S STATED GOAL—to reestablish the caliphate, the political leadership of worldwide Islam embodied first in the successors of the Prophet Muhammad and most recently in the four-century rule of the Ottoman dynasty—is pure, ahistorical fantasy. One way to appreciate this is to revisit the 33-year reign of the most remarkable modern caliph, Sultan Abdul Hamid II (1876-1909). An ally neither of bigoted Islamists nor of the radical secularists who ultimately deposed him, Abdul Hamid was an Islamic modernizer—and, interestingly, a friend of the United States.

Abdul Hamid emphasized the role of Islam inside the Ottoman Empire, and he emerged as the protector of Muslims around the world, from India to sub-Saharan Africa. He pressed for a new railway to the holy places of Mecca and Medina and sent emissaries to distant countries preaching Islam. Because of these policies, once called "pan-Islamism," he is still revered by conservative Muslims.

His principal political opponents were the Young Turks, inspired by the fashionable European and especially French ideas of the time. They portrayed the caliph as a despot, and the description stuck. While it is true that Abdul Hamid suspended the constitution of 1876 for decades, he did so not out of any contempt for democracy, but out of justified fear of the Young Turks' autocratic ambitions. Although they espoused the rhetoric of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, they had strong authoritarian tendencies. As Princeton historian Sukru Hanioglu explains, their worldview was based on "biological materialism, positivism, Social Darwinism and Gustave Le Bon's elitism," all of which led them to regard egalitarianism as "unscientific."

Another Princeton scholar, the dean of Middle Eastern history, Bernard Lewis, writes that "Abdul Hamid was far from being the blind, uncompromising, complete reactionary of the historical legend; on the contrary, he was a willing and active modernizer." In areas such as education, commerce, finance, diplomacy, central government administration, journalism, translation, and even theater, he accomplished significant reforms. He founded the first archaeology museum, public library, faculty of medicine, academy of fine arts, and schools of finance and agriculture. He endowed the empire with the telegraph, railroads, and factories, and during his reign, Constantinople flourished as a world capital.

Unlike subsequent modernizers, however, Abdul Hamid developed an Islamicly legitimate way forward. Personally observant, he practiced Sufism, the mystical tradition of Islam. Yet he also had Western tastes; he loved playing the piano, and arranged piano lessons for his daughter. He enjoyed opera, too, and had the famous Belgian soprano Blanche Arral perform for him.

With some notable exceptions—such as the harsh repression of Armenian insurgents by irregular forces authorized by the sultan in 1895-6—Abdul Hamid was on good terms with his non-Muslim subjects, of whom a record number entered

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government service. Ahmet Midhat, who has been called a sort of Turkish Edmund Burke, was Abdul Hamid's favorite intellectual. Midhat argued that Islam respects Christianity and Judaism, emphasizing how the empire welcomed the Jews expelled from Catholic Spain in 1492. And he defended the emancipation and education of women.

Abdul Hamid's attempt to marry Islam and modernity was cut short by the Young Turks in 1909. Although secular in outlook, they proved willing to exploit Islamic concepts for political ends. Abdul Hamid never waged a *jihad*; the Young Turks, on the advice of their new allies, the Germans, launched a global *jihad* in 1915 against Britain and its allies. Alas, the dethroned and interned caliph had warned them that they should align the empire with Britain, which controlled the seas and so would inevitably triumph. Britain did triumph, and this brought the Ottoman Empire to an end.

Abdul Hamid's relationship with the United States further defies the Islamists' notions about the caliphate.

In contrast with the aggressively secularist Westernizers who believed that the only hope for progress was to get rid of religion entirely, Abdul Hamid saw that the West was not monolithic. In particular, as Kemal Karpat, professor of history at the University of Wisconsin, explains, he studied the American separation of church and state, which he regarded as consistent with Islamic principles. (The Ottoman Empire was not a theocracy in the sense of being governed by clerics; indeed, it developed a *de facto* separation between the religious and temporal authorities.)

Sultan Abdul Hamid II

At the beginning of his reign, Abdul Hamid observed the centennial of American independence by sending a large number of Ottoman books to be exhibited at Philadelphia and subsequently donated to New York University. Later, he was the first foreign head of state to receive an invitation to the Columbian Exposition of 1893, held in Chicago, to honor the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. Although he did not personally attend, a total of one thousand people from Jerusalem alone visited the exposition. The World Parliament of Religions held its inaugural meeting in Chicago at the same time, and the sultan's representatives exhibited a large number of Ottoman wares and built a miniature mosque.

Because Abdul Hamid believed that American prosperity had resulted partly from a good accounting of the population and efficient management of national resources, he asked Samuel Sullivan Cox, the American ambassador in Constantinople and the organizer of the first modern U.S. census, to introduce the Turks to the study of statistics, one of the first of the exact sciences to be established in the Ottoman Empire.

Beyond such cultural exchanges, actual Ottoman-American cooperation in foreign policy took place in the face of the Muslim insurgency in the U.S.-occupied Philippines. The American ambassador to Turkey Oscar S. Straus (a Jewish diplomat, incidentally, who was welcomed by the Abdul Hamid regime at a time when his colleague, A.M. Keiley, was declared *persona non grata* by the Austro-Hungarian authorities simply for "being of Jewish parenthood") received a letter from Secretary of State John Hay in the spring of 1899. Secretary Hay wondered whether "the Sultan under the circumstances might be prevailed upon to instruct the Mohammedans of the Philippines, who had always resisted Spain, to come willingly under our control." Straus then paid a visit to the sultan and showed him Article 21 of a treaty between Tripoli and the United States, which read as follows:

> As the government of the United States of America . . . has in itself no character of enmity against the laws, religion, or tranquility of Musselmans; and as the said states never have entered into any war or act of hostility against any Mehomitan nation, it is declared by the partners that no pretext arising from religious opinions shall ever

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> produce an interruption of the harmony between the two countries.

Pleased with the article, Abdul Hamid stated, in regard to the Philippines, that the "Mohammedans in question recognized him as Caliph of the Moslems and he felt sure they would follow his advice."

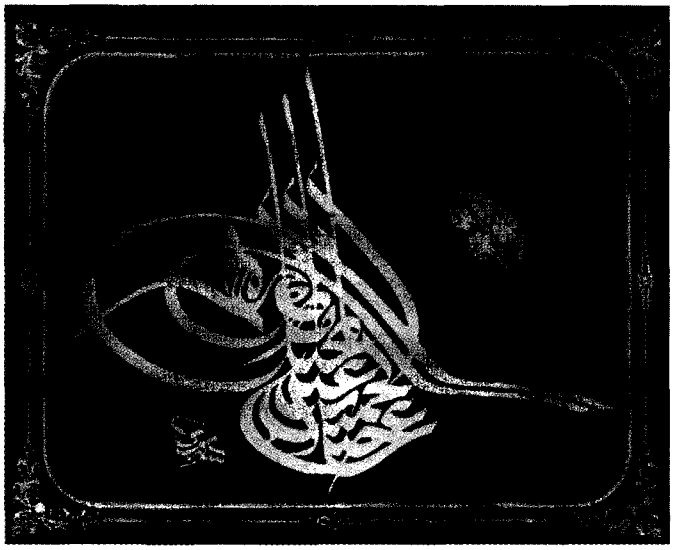
Two Sulu chiefs were in Mecca at the time, and they were informed that the caliph and the American ambassador had reached a definite understanding that the Muslims of the Philippines "would not be disturbed in the practice of their religion if they would promptly place themselves under the control of the American army." Later, Ambassador Straus wrote, the "Sulu Mohammedans . . . refused to join the insurrectionists and had placed themselves under the control of our army, thereby recognizing American sovereignty."

This account is supported by an article written by Lt. Col. John P. Finley (who had been the American governor of Zamboanga Province in the Philippines for ten years) and published in the April 1915 issue of the *Journal of Race Development.* Finley wrote:

> At the beginning of the war with Spain the United States Government was not aware of the existence of any Mohammedans in the Philippines. When this fact was discovered and communicated to our ambassador in Turkey, Oscar S. Straus, of New York, he at once saw the possibilities which lay before us of a holy war. . . . [H]e sought and gained an audience with the Sultan, Abdul Hamid, and requested him as Caliph of the Moslem religion to act in behalf of the followers of Islam in the Philippines. . . . The Sultan as Caliph caused a message to be sent to the Mohammedans of the Philippine Islands forbidding them to enter into any hostilities against the Americans, inasmuch as no interference with their religion would be allowed under American rule.

Later, President McKinley sent a personal letter of gratitude to Ambassador Straus for his excellent work, declaring that it had saved the United States "at least twenty-thousand troops in the field." All thanks to the caliph, Abdul Hamid II.

Such acts of statesmanship make painfully obvious that if there are any religious leaders in the Muslim world today who walk in the footsteps of the great caliph, they are not the terrorist leaders of al Qaeda, but rather the peacemakers such as Grand Ayatollah Ali Sistani, who have been trying to defuse the violence in Iraq by cooperating with coalition forces and calming fellow Muslims. When terrorists like Abu Musab al-Zarqawi and his big brother Osama bin Laden portray themselves as warriors for the caliphate, they totally misrepresent the historical meaning and function of this Islamic institution. What they do is "hijack" the caliphate—to borrow a term from President Bush—as much as the faith it represents.



The imperial seal, rendered by Sami Efendi

The caliphate was abolished in March 1924 by that supreme secularizer Mustafa Kemal Atatürk, the Young Turk hero of World War I and the Turkish war of independence. Despite strong opposition in the Turkish National Parliament, Atatürk dethroned and expelled the last caliph, Abdulmecid Efendi, a cousin of Abdul Hamid, and outlawed all Islamic institutions including the Sufi orders. The 1,300-year-old leadership of Islam was destroyed overnight.

Today many Turks see this act as a great leap forward in Turkey's modernization. Yet it also had terrible side effects. The religious Kurds, who had been loyal to the Ottoman state for centuries, mainly out of Islamic brotherhood, were shaken. In 1925, a group of them revolted against secular Turkey with the aim of reestablishing the caliphate. They were crushed, and this trauma was the source of Turkey's never-ending Kurdish question.

Indeed, the excesses of the Kemalist revolution poisoned the very notion of modernization for many devout Muslims all over the world. Reza Shah Pahlavi of Iran, inspired by Kemal, became an even more enthusiastic secularizer and tried to de-Islamicize his society by force—ordering police, for example, to rip the veils off women in the streets. The response, in the long run, would be Ayatollah Khomeini.

And in the Sunni Arab world, the end of the caliphate left a vacuum of authority that was filled by myriad radical, revolutionary, or fundamentalist movements. The worst was Wahhabism, the product of a revolt against the Ottoman Empire in the 18th century that the caliphs suppressed. In the post-caliphate disorder, Wahhabism found fertile ground for spreading its antimodern and inhumane distortion of Islam.

One antidote to that violent heresy is to recover the spirit of Islamic modernity personified by the piano-playing Sufi, Abdul Hamid II. There really is a third way between the spurning of all faith and militant Islamism, and that is what the Islamic world needs today. ♦

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Here Come the Brides

Plural marriage is waiting in the wings

By Stanley Kurtz

On September 23, 2005, the 46-year-old Victor de Bruijn and his 31-year-old wife of eight years, Bianca, presented themselves to a notary public in the small Dutch border town of Roosendaal. And they brought a friend. Dressed in wedding clothes, Victor and Bianca de Bruijn were formally united with a bridally bedecked Mirjam Geven, a recently divorced 35-year-old whom they'd met several years previously through an Internet chatroom. As the notary validated a *samenlevingscontract*, or "cohabitation contract," the three exchanged rings, held a wedding feast, and departed for their honeymoon.

When Mirjam Geven first met Victor and Bianca de Bruijn, she was married. Yet after several meetings between Mirjam, her then-husband, and the De Bruijns, Mirjam left her spouse and moved in with Victor and Bianca. The threesome bought a bigger bed, while Mirjam and her husband divorced. Although neither Mirjam nor Bianca had had a prior relationship with a woman, each had believed for years that she was bisexual. Victor, who describes himself as "100 percent heterosexual," attributes the trio's success to his wives' bisexuality, which he says has the effect of preventing jealousy.

The De Bruijns' triple union caused a sensation in the Netherlands, drawing coverage from television, radio, and the press. With TV cameras and reporters crowding in, the wedding celebration turned into something of a media circus. Halfway through the festivities, the trio had to appoint one of their guests as a press liaison. The local paper ran several stories on the triple marriage, one devoted entirely to the media madhouse.

News of the Dutch three-way wedding filtered into the United States through a September 26 report by Paul Belien, on his Brussels Journal website. The story spread through the conservative side of the Internet like wildfire, raising a chorus of "I told you so's" from bloggers who'd long warned of a slippery slope from gay marriage to polygamy.

Meanwhile, gay marriage advocates scrambled to put out the fire. M.V. Lee Badgett, an economist at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, and research director of the Institute for Gay and Lesbian Strategic Studies, told a sympathetic website, "This [Brussels Journal] article is ridiculous. Don't be fooled—Dutch law does not allow polygamy." Badgett suggested that Paul Belien had deliberately mistranslated the Dutch word for "cohabitation contract" as "civil union," or even "marriage," so as to leave the false impression that the triple union had more legal weight than it did. Prominent gay-marriage advocate Evan Wolfson, executive director of Freedom to Marry, offered up a detailed legal account of Dutch cohabitation contracts, treating them as a matter of minor significance, in no way comparable to state-recognized registered partnerships.

In short, while the Dutch triple wedding set the conservative blogosphere ablaze with warnings, same-sex marriage advocates dismissed the story as a silly stunt with absolutely no implications for the gay marriage debate. And how did America's mainstream media adjudicate the radically different responses of same-sex marriage advocates and opponents to events in the Netherlands? By ignoring the entire affair.

Yet there is a story here. And it's bigger than even those chortling conservative websites claim. While Victor, Bianca, and Mirjam are joined by a private cohabitation contract rather than a state-registered partnership or a full-fledged marriage, their union has already made serious legal, political, and cultural waves in the Netherlands. To observers on both sides of the Dutch gay marriage debate, the De Bruijns' triple wedding is an unmistakable step down the road to legalized group marriage.

More important, the De Bruijn wedding reveals a heretofore hidden dimension of the gay marriage phenomenon. The De Bruijns' triple marriage is a bisexual marriage. And, increasingly, bisexuality is emerging as a reason why legalized gay marriage is likely to result in legalized

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group marriage. If every sexual orientation has a right to construct its own form of marriage, then more changes are surely due. For what gay marriage is to homosexuality, group marriage is to bisexuality. The De Bruijn trio is the tip-off to the fact that a connection between bisexuality and the drive for multipartner marriage has been developing for some time.

Dutch Fallout

As American gay-marriage advocates were quick to point out, the cohabitation contract that joined Victor, Bianca, and Mirjam carries fewer legal implications and less status than either a registered partnership or a marriage—and Dutch trios are still barred from the latter two forms of union. Yet the use of a cohabitation contract for a triple wedding is a step in the direction of group marriage. The conservative and religious Dutch paper *Reformatorisch Dagblad* reports that this was the first known occurrence in the Netherlands of a cohabitation contract between a married couple and their common girlfriend.

This is important because the Dutch campaign for same-sex marriage was famously premised on a "small step" strategy, with each small increment of recognition creating an impetus for further steps. As Israeli legal scholar Yuval Merin tells it in his 2002 book *Equality for Same-Sex Couples*, the popularity of cohabitation contracts among Dutch gays in the 1980s helped create laws in the early 1990s forbidding employer discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation—including discrimination between married and unmarried couples in the granting of benefits.

So the use of cohabitation contracts was an important step along the road to same-sex marriage in the Netherlands. And the link between gay marriage and the De Bruijns' triple contract was immediately recognized by the Dutch. The story in *Reformatorisch Dagblad* quoted J.W.A. van Dommelen, an attorney opposed to the De Bruijn union, who warned that the path from same-sex cohabitation contracts to same-sex marriage was about to be retraced in the matter of group marriage.

Van Dommelen also noted that legal complications would flow from the overlap between a two-party marriage and a three-party cohabitation contract. The rights and obligations that exist in Dutch marriages and Dutch cohabitation contracts are not identical, and it's unclear which arrangement would take precedence in case of a conflict. "The structure is completely gone," said Van Dommelen, as he called on the Dutch minister of justice to set up a working group to reconcile the conflicting claims of dual marriages and multipartner cohabitation contracts. Of course, simply by harmonizing the conflicting claims of dual marriages and triple cohabitation contracts, that working group would be taking yet another "small step" along the road to legal recognition for group marriage in the Netherlands.

The slippery-slope implications of the triple cohabitation contract were immediately evident to the SGP, a small religious party that played a leading role in the failed battle to preserve the traditional definition of marriage in the Netherlands. SGP member of parliament Kees van der Staaij noted the substantial overlap between marriage rights and the rights embodied in cohabitation contracts. Calling the triple cohabitation contract a back-door route to legalized polygamy, Van der Staaij sent a series of formal queries to Justice Minister Piet Hein Donner, asking him to dissolve the De Bruijn contract and to bar more than two persons from entering into cohabitation contracts in the future.

The justice minister's answers to these queries represent yet another small step—actually several small steps—toward legal and cultural recognition for group marriage in the Netherlands. To begin with, Donner reaffirmed the legality of multipartner cohabitation contracts and pointedly refused to consider any attempt to ban such contracts in the future. Donner also went so far as to assert that contracts regulating multipartner cohabitation can fulfill "a useful regulating function" (also translatable as "a useful structuring role"). In other words, Donner has articulated the rudiments of a "conservative case for group marriage."

The SGP responded angrily to Donner's declarations. In the eyes of this small religious party, Donner had effectively introduced a form of legal group marriage to the Netherlands. A party spokesman warned of an impending legal mess—especially if the De Bruijn trio, or others like them, have children. The SGP plans to raise its objections again when parliament considers the justice department's budget.

It's not surprising that the first English language report was a bit unclear as to the precise legal status and significance of the triple Dutch union. The Dutch themselves are confused about it. One of the articles from which Paul Belien drew his original report is careful to distinguish between formal marriage and the cohabitation contract actually signed by Victor, Bianca, and Mirjam. Yet the very same article says that Victor now "officially" has "two wives."

Even Dutch liberals acknowledge the implications of the De Bruijn wedding. Jan Martens, a reporter and opinion columnist for *BN/DeStem*, the local paper in Roosendaal, wrote an opinion piece mocking opposition to group marriage by religious parties like the SGP. Noting the substantial overlap between cohabitation contracts and marriage, Martens said he agreed with the SGP that the De Bruijn triple union amounts to a "short-cut to polygamy."

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Yet Martens emphasized that he "couldn't care less if you have two, three, four, or sixty-nine wives or husbands."

Minority religious parties and their newspapers excepted, this mixture of approval and indifference seems to be the mainstream Dutch reaction so far. Not only has Justice Minister Donner articulated the beginnings of a conservative case for group marriage, but Green party spokesman Femke Halsema, a key backer of gay marriage, has affirmed her party's support for the recognition of multipartner unions. The public has not been inclined to protest these developments, and the De Bruijn trio have been welcomed by their neighbors.

Dutch fascination with the De Bruijn story appears to have made an impression on *BN/DeStem*. On November 19, less than two months after the triple wedding, the paper ran a story headlined "Remembering birthdays is a disaster," about the family of a Belgian named Serge Régnier. Belgium is Holland's neighbor and close cultural cousin. It became the second country to legalize gay marriage when it adopted the practice in 2003, two years after the Netherlands. In the Belgian town of Marcinelle, Serge Régnier lives with three women, only one of whom he is legally married to, but all three of whom he considers wives. The family has a total of 30 children (5 by one wife's first husband), with another on the way.

Serge Régnier had been married to his wife Christine for four years when Christine's unmarried sister Karine moved in with the couple. Karine wanted children, and after discussing the matter with her sister and brother-in-law, it was agreed that Serge would father children with Karine and live with the women as a threesome. Into this *ménage à trois* came Judith, a childhood sweetheart of Serge. Serge had told Christine when he married her that, if she were ever available, Judith would have to be welcomed into their house. When Judith divorced her first husband and showed up on the Régniers' doorstep, all agreed to admit her. The result is one husband, three wives, and 30 children, with several more children hoped for by the wives. Serge is unemployed, and the entire family is supported by government subsidies. The women say there is no jealousy among them and they would even welcome a fourth wife if she was "nice."

By early December, the Régnier story had been picked up by numerous Dutch bloggers and the national press. So the De Bruijn union seems to have opened up the Dutch public to the idea of multipartner marriage. News reports on the Régniers are filled with humor and fascination, with little concern for the potential legal ramifications. It's this cultural response that counts.

When it comes to marriage, culture shapes law. (It's a two-way street, of course. Law also influences culture.) After all, Dutch same-sex marriage advocates still celebrate the foundational role of symbolic gay marriage registries in the early 1990s. Although these had absolutely no legal status, the publicity and sympathy they generated are now widely recognized as keys to the success of the Dutch campaign for legal same-sex unions and ultimately marriage. How odd, then, that American gay-marriage advocates should respond to the triple Dutch wedding with hair-splitting legal discourses, while ignoring the Dutch media frenzy and subsequent signs of cultural acceptance—for a union with far more legal substance than Holland's first symbolic gay marriages. Despite the denials of gay-marriage advocates, in both legal and cultural terms, Victor, Bianca, and Mirjam's triple union is a serious move toward legalized group marriage in the Netherlands.

Press Silence

Given the stir in Holland, it's remarkable that not a single American mainstream media outlet carried a story on the triple Dutch wedding. Of course the media were all over the Dutch gay marriage story when they thought the experiment had been a success. In late 2003 and early 2004, in the wake of the Supreme Court's *Lawrence* v. *Texas* decision, which ruled sodomy laws unconstitutional, and looming gay marriage in Massachusetts, several American papers carried reports from the Netherlands. The common theme was that Holland had experienced no ill effects from gay marriage, and that the issue was no longer contentious.

Unsurprisingly, the chief sources for these articles were themselves prominent advocates of gay marriage, who dismissed any notion that the reform might have had negative consequences. Had reporters for the *Washington Post*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, or the *Chicago Tribune* cared to check the Dutch demographic record, they might have discovered the substantial increases in out-of-wedlock births and parental cohabitation that emerged in the wake of the movement for same-sex marriage (see "Going Dutch?" THE WEEKLY STANDARD, May 31, 2004).

Still, although opposition to same-sex marriage from religious parties like the SGP unquestionably remains, the American media are correct to report that the majority of Dutch citizens have accepted the innovation. The press has simply missed the meaning of that public shift. Broad Dutch acceptance of same-sex marriage means that marriage as an institution has been detached from parenthood in the public mind. That is why the practice of parental cohabitation has grown so quickly in the Netherlands. By the same token, the shoulder shrug that followed the triple wedding story shows that legalized group marriage in the Netherlands is now a real possibility. If the calm Dutch

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response to same-sex marriage is news, it's tough to see why the Dutch public's fascinated acceptance of a triple union isn't also news. But, of course, the mainstream American press understands that the triple Dutch wedding cannot be spun in a way that helps the cause of same-sex marriage with the American public. Thus the silence.

Polyamorous Bisexual Triads

Although the triple Dutch union has been loosely styled "polygamy," it's actually a sterling example of polyamory. Polyamorists practice "responsible nonmonogamy"—open, loving, and stable relationships among more than two people (see "Beyond Gay Marriage: The Road to Polyamory," THE WEEKLY STANDARD, August 4 / August 11, 2003). Polygamous marriages among fundamentalist Mormons or Muslims don't depend on a blending of heterosexuality and bisexuality. Yet that combination perfectly embodies the spirit of polyamory. And polyamorists don't limit themselves to unions of one man and several women. One woman and two men, full-fledged group marriage, a stable couple openly engaging in additional shifting or stable relationships—indeed, almost any combination of partner-number and sexual orientation is possible in a polyamorous sexual grouping.

Polyamorists would call the De Bruijn union a "triad." In a polyamorous triad, all three partners are sexually connected. This contrasts with a three-person "V," in which only one of the partners (called the "hinge" or "pivot") has a sexual relationship with the other two. So the bisexuality of Bianca and Mirjam classifies the De Bruijn union as a polyamorous bisexual triad. In another sense, the De Bruijn marriage is also a gay marriage. The Bianca-Mirjam component of the union is gay, and legalized gay marriage in Holland has clearly helped make the idea of a legally recognized bisexual triad thinkable.

More broadly, the worldwide campaign for gay marriage seems to have stirred up an active bisexual movement in its wake. Bisexuals have traditionally been one of the least visible components of the GLBT (gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgendered) alliance. After a flurry of publicity in the 1970s, at the height of the sexual revolution, bisexuality faded from public view. Yet the 1990s brought new attention, with articles in *Time* and *Newsweek* touting the emergence of bisexuality as a distinctive and politically tinged identity (and linking bisexuality to nonmonogamous marriage). In recent years, websites, books, and academic studies devoted to bisexuality have proliferated, culminating in 2001 in the founding of one of the movement's key organs, the *Journal of Bisexuality*.

One of the first issues of the *Journal of Bisexuality* featured an account of a Dutch man's discovery of his own bisexuality. The story is presented as a model for public acceptance of bisexuality, the twist being that the narrative doubles as a political brief for polyamory. Married with two children, Koen Brand declared his bisexuality in 1999, at the height of the gay marriage debate in the Netherlands. Brand then joined the Dutch National Network for Bisexuality and took part in movement activities. Brand also met another married bisexual man. While both men remained married, the two wives agreed to allow their husbands to establish a public and steady sexual relationship. Friends, family, and coworkers also accepted the arrangement. So the two marriages were thus effectively merged into a larger entity, with the men serving as pivots in two overlapping polyamorous V's.

One of the wives remains uncomfortable with this arrangement, while Brand's own wife is at least open to Brand's wish to form a threesome with his male partner. So the story ends with at least the prospect of one marriage breaking up, while the second converts to a polyamorous bisexual triad, as happened when Victor and Bianca de Bruijn met Mirjam Geven and her then husband.

None of this is to gainsay the power of Brand's narrative. On the contrary, precisely because the personal challenges confronting bisexuals are profound, the emerging bisexual call for polyamorous marriage is going to take on formidable legal force. In a world fully accepting of gay marriage, it will be difficult to withhold equal standing from another organized sexual minority.

Brand explains the willingness of family, friends, and coworkers to accept his openly polyamorous marriage by pointing to the Netherlands' social liberalism—to its legal soft drugs and its famous tolerance for sexual minorities. After all, Brand's successful construction of a publicly polyamorous union came at precisely the moment when same-sex marriage was formally legalized in Holland. That is why the *Journal of Bisexuality* has put Brand's case forward as a model for other countries. And Brand makes it clear that simple acceptance of a given individual's bisexual orientation, however heartfelt, is not enough. Just as it's often said that gays have not been truly accepted until same-sex marriage is legal, Brand maintains that true acceptance for bisexuality requires the social ratification of polyamory.

The Unitarian Strategy

The germ of an organized effort to legalize polyamory in the United States can be found in the Unitarian Church. Although few realize it, the Unitarian Church, headquartered in Boston, played a critical role in the legalization of same-sex marriage in Massachusetts. Julie and Hillary Goodridge, lead plaintiffs in

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Polaris / Albert Seghers

Victor de Bruijn, flanked by Mirjam and Bianca at their September 23 'cohabitation contract' ceremony in Roosendaal

Goodridge v. *Department of Public Health*, were married at the headquarters of the Unitarian Universalists in a ceremony presided over by the Reverend William G. Sinkford, president of the Unitarian Universalist Association. Hillary Goodridge is program director of the Unitarian Universalist Funding Program. And Unitarian churches in Massachusetts played a key role in the struggle over gay marriage, with sermons, activism, and eventually with marriage ceremonies for same-sex couples. Choosing a strongly church-affiliated couple like the Goodridges as lead plaintiffs was an important part of the winning strategy in the *Goodridge* case.

It's a matter of interest, therefore, that an organization to promote public acceptance of polyamory has been formed in association with the Unitarian Church. Unitarian Universalists for Polyamory Awareness (UUPA) was established in the summer of 1999. At the time, the news media in Boston carried reports from neighboring Vermont, where the soon-to-be-famous civil unions case was about to be decided. And the echo effect of the gay marriage battle on the polyamory movement goes back even further. The first informal Unitarian polyamory discussion group gathered in Hawaii in 1994, in the wake of the first state supreme court decision favorable to same-sex marriage in the United States.

"Our vision," says UUPA's website, "is for Unitarian Universalism to become the first poly-welcoming mainstream religious denomination." Those familiar with Unitarianism's role in the legalization of gay marriage understand the legal-political strategy implicit in that statement. UUPA's political goals are spelled out by Harlan White, a physician and leading UUPA activist, on the society's website. Invoking the trial of April Divilbiss, the first American polyamorist to confront the courts, White says, "We are concerned that we may become the center of the next great social justice firestorm in America."

White maintains that American polyamorists are growing in number. An exact count is impossible, since polyamory is still surrounded by secrecy. Polyamorists depend on the Internet to connect. Even so, says White, "attendance at conferences is up, email lists and websites are proliferating, and poly support groups are growing in number and size." As for the Unitarian polyamorists, their email list has several hundred subscribers, and the group has put on well-attended workshops at Unitarian General Assemblies since 2002. And although the number of open polyamorists is limited, some Unitarian ministers already perform "joining ceremonies" for polyamorous families.

White featured prominently in a 2003 Associated Press story on the Unitarian polyamorists: "No one uttered a

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word when Harlan White walked into church one day with two women, one on each arm. They were, he says, accepted like any other family in his Unitarian congregation." But it was a second article on Unitarian polyamory, in the April 20, 2004, *San Francisco Chronicle*, that rocked the Unitarian Church. What made waves was the impression that the church itself had formally embraced polyamory.

Shortly after the second article appeared, UUPA president Sinkford circulated a statement among Unitarians acknowledging that press interest in Unitarian polyamory had "generated a great deal of anxiety" among the church's leadership. "Many of us are concerned that such press coverage might impair our ability to witness effectively for our core justice commitments." Sinkford appeared to be expressing a concern that had been stated more baldly in the original *Chronicle* article. According to the *Chronicle*, many of the students and faculty at the Unitarians' key west-coast seminary, Starr King School for the Ministry, in Berkeley, see the polyamory movement as a threat to the struggle for same-sex marriage.

In other words, Unitarians understand that moving too swiftly or openly to legitimize polyamory could validate the slippery-slope argument against same-sex marriage. So with news coverage prematurely blowing the cover off the Unitarians' long-term plan to legalize polyamory, President Sinkford took steps to hold UUPA at arm's length. Sinkford issued a public "clarification" that distanced the church from any formal endorsement of polyamory, yet also left room for the UUPA to remain a "related organization."

Meanwhile, Rebecca Ann Parker, president of the prestigious Starr King school, issued a very different and much less public clarification for Unitarians themselves. The *Chronicle* had quoted Parker in a way that made her seem opposed to polyamory. To correct this impression, Parker posted the following statement on a Unitarian website: "For the record: I support Unitarians for Polyamory Awareness and completely disagree with those who use their belief that monogamous heterosexual marriage is ordained by God as a basis for rejecting same-sex couples and polyamorous relationships."

But the clearest statement of strategic intent came from Valerie White, a lawyer and executive director of the Sexual Freedom Legal Defense and Education Fund. A founder of UUPA along with her brother, Harlan White, Valerie White let *Bi Magazine* know in 2003 that UUPA planned to keep its quest for recognition on temporary hold: "It would put too much ammunition in the hands of the opponents of gay marriage. . . . Our brothers and sisters in the LGBT community are fighting a battle that they're close to winning, and we don't want to do anything that would cause that fight to take a step backwards." In short, the Unitarians are holding the polyamorists at arm's length only until gay marriage has been safely legalized across the nation. At that point, the Unitarian campaign for state-recognized polyamorous marriage will almost certainly begin.

The other fascinating angle in the *San Francisco Chronicle*'s coverage of the Unitarian polyamorists was the prominence of bisexuality. Most members of UUPA are either bisexual or heterosexual. One polyamorist minister who had recently come out to his congregation as a bisexual treated polyamory and bisexuality synonymously. "Our denomination has been welcoming to gays and lesbians and transgendered people," he said. "Bisexuals have not received the recognition they deserve." In other words, anything less than formal church recognition of polyamory is discrimination against bisexuals.

Bisexual Law

Two developing lines of legal argument may someday bring about state recognition for polyamorous marriage: the argument from polyamory, and the argument from bisexuality. In a 2004 law review article, Elizabeth F. Emens, of the University of Chicago Law School, offers the argument from polyamory (see "Monogamy's Law: Compulsory Monogamy and Polyamorous Existence," *New York University Review of Law & Social Change*). Polyamory is more than the mere practice of multiple sexual partnership, says Emens. Polyamory is also a disposition, broadly analogous to the disposition toward homosexuality. Insofar as laws of marriage, partnership, or housing discriminate against polyamorous partnerships, maintains Emens, they place unfair burdens on people with "poly" dispositions. Emens takes her cue here from the polyamorists themselves, who talk about their "poly" inclinations the way gays talk about homosexuality. For example, polyamorists debate whether to keep their poly dispositions "in the closet" or to "come out."

Emens's case for a poly disposition was inspired by the radical lesbian thinker Adrienne Rich, who famously put forward a "continuum model" of lesbianism. Rich argued that all women, lesbian-identified or not, are in some sense lesbians. If women could just discover where they fall on the "lesbian continuum," then even those women who remain heterosexually identified would abandon any prejudice against homosexuality.

Following Rich, Emens argues that all of us have a bit of "poly" inside. By discovering and accepting our own desires for multiple sexual partners, then even those who remain monogamous would abandon their prejudice against polyamorists. Of course some people fall at the extreme ends of these continuums. Some folks are intensely monogamous, for example. But by the same token,

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others are intensely polyamorous. Whether for biological or cultural reasons, says Emens, some folks simply cannot live happily without multiple simultaneous sexual partners. And for those people, Emens argues, our current system of marriage is every bit as unjust as it is for homosexuals.

It may seem that a case like this could never get to court, yet in a sense it already has. Emens offers an analysis of the 1999 case of April Divilbiss, who was forced by a court in Tennessee to choose between keeping custody of her child and continuing to live with two "husbands." Yet it's clear that the case could have turned out differently. The judge in the Divilbiss case ignored the findings of four court appointed experts, each of whom found in favor of the polyamorists. The judge also took a number of other liberties he would have been unlikely to get away with in a more closely watched and aggressively litigated case. So Emens's brief in defense of polyamory is likely to be tested and developed in future court cases.

The second legal strategy available to the polyamorists is the argument from bisexuality. No need here to validate anything as novel-sounding as a "polyamorous disposition." A case for polyamory can easily be built on the more venerable orientation of bisexuality. While no legal scholar has offered such a case, the groundwork is being laid by Kenji Yoshino, a professor at Yale Law School and deputy dean for intellectual life.

Yoshino's 2000 *Stanford Law Review* article "The Epistemic Contract of Bisexual Erasure" has a bewildering title but a fascinating thesis. Yoshino argues that bisexuality is far more prevalent than is usually recognized. The relative invisibility of bisexuality, says Yoshino, can be attributed to the mutual interest of heterosexuals and homosexuals in minimizing its significance. But according to Yoshino, the bisexuality movement is on the rise, and bound to become more visible, with potentially major consequences for the law and politics of sexual orientation.

Defining bisexuality as a "more than incidental desire" for partners of both sexes, Yoshino examines the best available academic studies on sexual orientation and finds that each of them estimates the number of bisexuals as equivalent to, or greater than, the number of homosexuals. Up to now, the number of people who actively think of themselves as bisexuals has been much smaller than the number who've shown a "more than incidental" desire for partners of both sexes. But that, argues Yoshino, is because both heterosexuals and homosexuals have an interest in convincing bisexuals that they've got to make an all-or-nothing choice between heterosexuality and homosexuality.

Heterosexuals, for example, have an interest in preserving norms of monogamy, and bisexuality "destabilizes" norms of monogamy. Homosexuals, notes Yoshino, have an interest in defending the notion of an immutable homosexual orientation, since that is often the key to persuading a court that they have suffered discrimination. And homosexuals, adds Yoshino, have an interest in maximizing the number of people in their movement. For all these reasons and more, Yoshino argues, the cultural space in which bisexuals might embrace and acknowledge their own sexual identity has been minimized. Yoshino goes on to highlight the considerable evidence for the recent emergence of bisexuality as a movement, and predicts that in our current cultural climate—and given the numerical potential—bisexuality activism will continue to grow.

In addition to establishing the numerical and political significance of bisexuality, Yoshino lays down an argument that could easily be deployed to legalize polyamory: "To the extent that bisexuals are not permitted to express their dual desires, they might fairly characterize themselves as harmed." Yet Yoshino does not lay out a bisexual defense of polyamory. Instead Yoshino attacks—rightly—the stereotype that treats all bisexuals as nonmonogamous. Yet the same research that establishes the monogamous preferences of many bisexuals also confirms that bisexuals tend toward nonmonogamy at substantially higher rates than homosexuals. (See Paula C. Rust, "Monogamy and Polyamory: Relationship Issues for Bisexuals" in Firestein, ed., *Bisexuality: The Psychology and Politics of an Invisible Minority.*) That fact could easily be turned by a bisexuality rights movement into an argument for legalized polyamory.

Yoshino, by the way, is no fringe figure. In addition to being a dean and professor at what is arguably the country's most prestigious law school, Yoshino and his pioneering, identity-based approach to discrimination law were featured in a glowing profile in the *New York Times* in 2001. An early statement of Yoshino's views on sexual identity was invoked at a critical point in Justice Stevens's dissent in *Boy Scouts of America* v. *Dale*, the case that permitted the Boy Scouts to refuse openly gay scoutmasters. And Yoshino's treatment of bisexuality was recently invoked approvingly by Harvard professor Laurence Tribe in an article on the *Lawrence* v. *Texas* decision. So we are likely to see someone offer a bisexual-based defense of polyamory, loosely inspired by the Yoshino approach. That is especially so if Yoshino is right about prospects for a growing bisexual rights movement.

The Missing Movement

Of course, the visibility of the bisexual rights movement is still limited. In fact, many bisexuals, or advocates for bisexuals, share a radically post-modernist sensibility that deliberately avoids identity-style politics. Yoshino himself is balanced between identity politics and a postmodern inclination to destabi-

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lize and transcend all sexual categories. Yet it is becoming increasingly clear that the polyamorists themselves are the "missing" bisexual liberation movement. Of course, not all polyamorists are bisexual. Victor de Bruijn reminds us that he is "100 percent heterosexual." Yet Bianca and Mirjam are bisexual. And as in the De Bruijn threesome, the "connecting" function of bisexuals seems to make a great many polyamorous arrangements possible. Of all the sexual sub-groups that participate in polyamory, bisexuals are first among equals. In a certain sense, the movement is theirs.

In 2004, the *Journal of Bisexuality* published a special double issue on polyamory, also released as the book *Plural Loves: Designs for Bi and Poly Living*. It's clear from *Plural Loves* that the polyamory movement now serves as the de facto political arm of the bisexual liberation struggle. As one contributor notes, "the large number of bi people in the poly movement provides evidence that bisexuality is one of the major driving forces behind polyamory. In other words, polyamory was created and spread partly to satisfy the need for bisexual relationship structures. . . . [T]he majority of poly activists are also bisexual. . . . Poly activism is bi activism. . . . The bi/poly dynamic has the potential to move both communities towards a point of culture-wide visibility, which is a necessary step on the road to acceptance."

Clearly, visibility and acceptance are on the rise. This past summer, the *Baltimore Sun* featured a long, friendly article on the polyamorists' national conference, held in Maryland. In September, the *New York Times* ran a long personal account of (heterosexual) polyamory in the Sunday Styles section. But the real uptick in public bisexuality/polyamory began with the October 2005 release in New York of the documentary *Three of Hearts: A Postmodern Family*.

Three of Hearts is the story of the real-life 13-year relationship of two men and a woman. Together for several years in a gay relationship, two bisexual-leaning men meet a woman and create a threesome that produces two children, one by each man. Although the woman marries one of the men, the entire threesome has a commitment ceremony. The movie records the trio's eventual breakup, yet the film's website notes their ongoing commitment to the view that "family is anything we want to create."

Although *Three of Hearts* is in limited release in selected art houses across the country, the film is slated for airing on BRAVO in the spring of 2006. The movie's New York premiere drew media attention to polyamory. Even the conservative *New York Post* ran a generally positive story on polyamory timed to coincide with the movie's opening. The flurry of publicity was noticed by London's *Guardian*, which reported in November that polyamory had reached a new level of visibility and acceptance in New York.

Three of Hearts was also discussed in a long, sympathetic investigative piece on polyamory in *New York* magazine. According to *New York*, the growing popularity of polyamory among New York-area straights is largely inspired by the increasing visibility of gay relationships, with their more "fluid" notions of commitment. *New York* also found that the most stable polyamorous groupings have as their core element a straight man and a bisexual woman who sticks to one man, rather like the De Bruijn trio.

Of course, many argue that true bisexuality does not exist. In this view—held by a variety of people, from some psychiatrists to certain pro-gay-marriage activists—everyone is either heterosexual or homosexual. From this perspective, so-called bisexuals are either in confused transition from heterosexuality to homosexuality, or simply lying about their supposedly dual sexual inclinations. Alternatively, it's sometimes said that while female bisexuality does exist, male bisexuality does not. A recent and controversial study reported on by the *New York Times* in July 2005 claimed to show that truly bisexual attraction in men might not exist.

Whatever view we take of these medical/psychiatric/philosophical controversies, it is a fact that a bi/poly rights movement exists and is growing. Whether Koen Brand and Bianca and Mirjam de Bruijn are "authentic" bisexuals or "just fooling themselves," they are clearly capable of sustaining polyamorous bisexual V's and triads for long enough to make serious political demands. *Three of Hearts* raises questions about whether the two men in the triangle are bisexual, or simply confused gays. But with two children, a 13-year relationship, and at one time at least a clear desire for legal-ceremonial confirmation, the *Three of Hearts* trio is a harbinger of demands for legal group marriage. Public interest in the De Bruijn triangle has already raised the visibility and acceptance of polyamorous bisexuality in the Netherlands. For legal-political purposes, acceptance is what matters. And given Yoshino's numerical analysis, the growth potential for self-identifying bisexuals is substantial.

Americans today respond to gay and bisexual friends and family members in a variety of ways. Despite stereotypical accusations of "homophobia," the traditionally religious generally offer a mixture compassion and concern. Many other Americans, conservative and liberal alike, are happy to extend friendship, understanding, and acceptance to gay and bisexual relatives and acquaintances. This heightened social tolerance is a good thing. Yet somehow the idea has taken hold that tolerance for sexual minorities requires a radical remake of the institution of marriage. That is a mistake.

The fundamental purpose of marriage is to encourage

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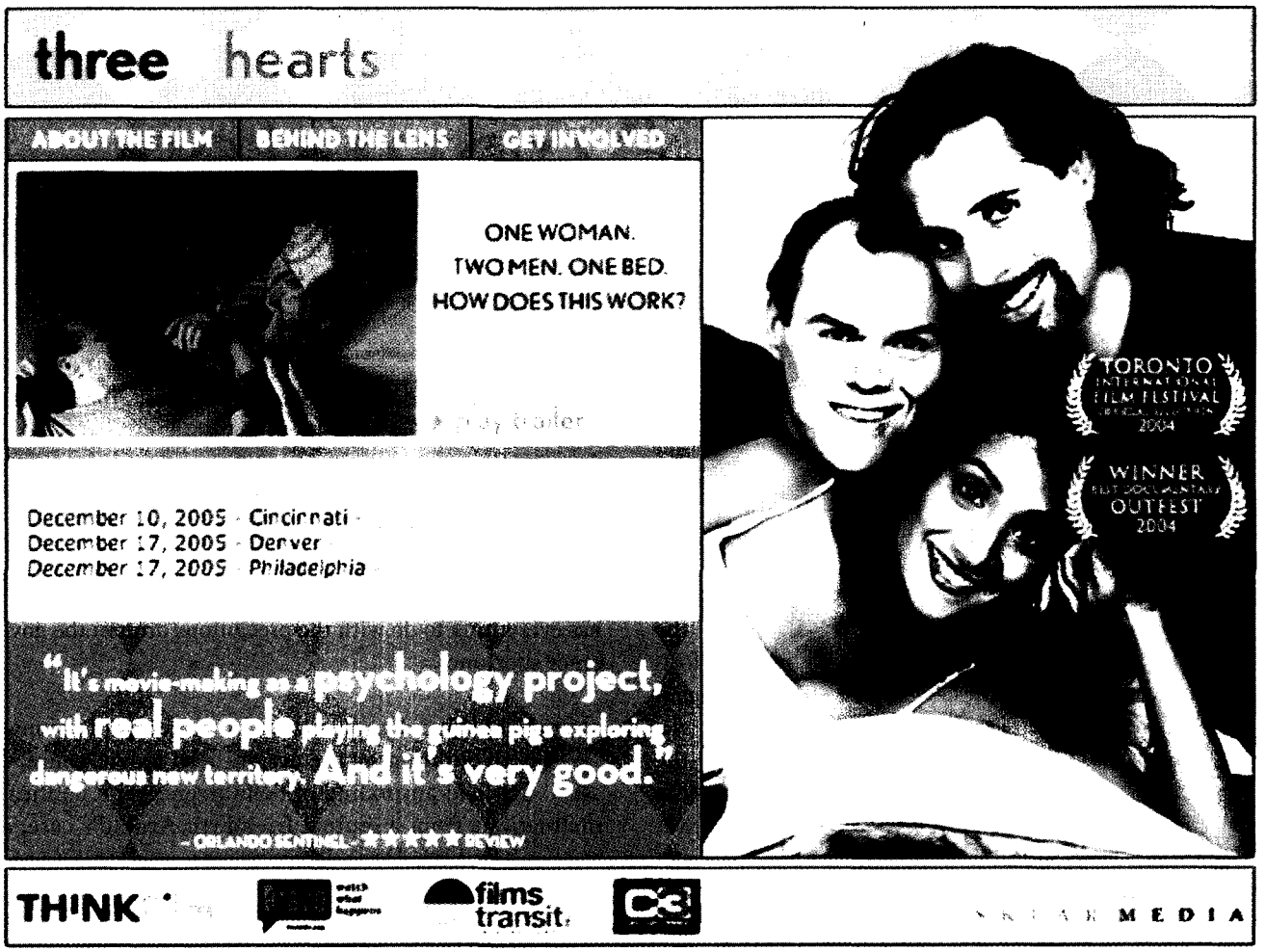

From the film's promotional website, www.threeofheartsfilm.com

mothers and fathers to stay bound as a family for the sake of their children. Our liberalized modern marriage system is far from perfect, and certainly doesn't always succeed in keeping parents together while their children are young. Yet often it does. Unfortunately, once we radically redefine marriage in an effort to solve the problems of adults, the institution is destined to be shattered by a cacophony of grown-up demands.

The De Bruijn trio, Koen Brand, the Unitarian Universalists for Polyamory Awareness, the legal arguments of Elizabeth Emens and Kenji Yoshino, and the bisexual/polyamory movement in general have been launched into action by the successes of the campaign for gay marriage. In a sense, though, these innovators have jumped too soon. They've shown us today—well before same-sex marriage has triumphed nationwide—what would emerge in its aftermath.

Liberals may now put behind-the-scenes pressure on the Dutch government to keep the lid on legalized polyamory for as long as the matter of gay marriage is still unsettled. The Unitarian polyamorists, already conflicted about how much recognition to demand while the gay marriage battle is unresolved, may be driven further underground. But let there be no mistake about what will happen should same-sex marriage be fully legalized in the United States. At that point, if bisexual activists haven't already launched a serious campaign for legalized polyamory, they will go public. It took four years after the full legalization of gay marriage in the Netherlands for the first polyamory test case to emerge. With a far larger and more organized polyamory movement in America, it might not take even that long after the nationalization of gay marriage in the United States.

It's easy to imagine that, in a world where gay marriage was common and fully accepted, a serious campaign to legalize polyamorous unions would succeed—especially a campaign spearheaded by an organized bisexual-rights movement. Yet win or lose, the culture of marriage will be battered for years by the debate. Just as we're now continually reminded that not all married couples have children, we'll someday be endlessly told that not all marriages are monogamous (nor all monogamists married). For a second time, the fuzziness and imperfection found in every real-world social institution will be contorted into a rationale for reforming marriage out of existence. No flash in the pan, Victor, Bianca, and Mirjam are destined to be heroes of "the next great social justice firestorm in America." ♦

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Arnold Agonistes

The end of the Schwarzenegger dream

By K.E. Grubbs Jr.

Sacramento

So Stanley Tookie Williams has gone to his eternal fate, his final moments in San Quentin spent strapped to what inescapably looked like some late-model Barcalounger—an end more fitting for Homer Simpson than for the founder of the Crips. Tookie gave up his last breath effortlessly, a cocktail of state-provided lethal chemicals coursing sweetly through his system.

Arnold Schwarzenegger did this. Now, unlike the "Spare Tookie" crowd who find the death penalty more reprehensible than the cold-blooded slaying of convenience store clerks, I find the California governor's refusal to grant clemency to be perfectly in order, unquestionably just. Writing uplifting children's books and getting yourself nominated for a Nobel Peace Prize—it's easy if your lawyers and the international anti-death penalty movement orchestrate the campaign—cut no evidentiary ice with me.

Nor did the pro-Tookie narrative dissuade the governor from seeing the execution through. Those who held their pre-midnight vigil in the San Francisco Bay chill will remind you, invidiously, that the Golden State's chief executive sprang into public view as a celluloid barbarian. But were witnesses to Tookie's crimes not *eye*witnesses? Was Tookie only boasting when he said he murdered those hapless people? Could he, conceivably, have been guiltless of the specific murders, four of them, for which he was convicted?

The governor noted that true redemption follows confession, which never came, and that Tookie Williams refused to help law enforcement break up his old gang. Me? I remember the pleasant neighborhoods around the Hollywood Park racetrack, where once I rode my bicycle unmolested to deliver newspapers. The Beach Boys used to party around there, for heaven's sake. That turf is now a battleground, alternately held by the Bloods and their enemies-to-death, Tookie Williams's Crips. There and throughout the Los Angeles basin the human toll of that quarter-century-old war reaches into the thousands. Tookie bore some responsibility for all that blood-soaked devastation.

A just execution, then. Still, it left me with the unmistakable feeling, shared by many of my co-Californians, and by some of my conservative brethren, too, of being plain old politically manipulated. The reason, of course, has everything to do with the precipitous drop in the governor's fortunes.

Flashbacks: Uninterested in either professional bodybuilding or the action-hero movie genre, I first had an inkling of Schwarzenegger's political inclinations from a mutual friend (in Arnold's case, a workout buddy), Dana Rohrabacher, now an Orange County congressman who was among the first to importune Arnold to enter the political arena. Then, in the early 1990s, the world-famous actor headlined a Reason Foundation dinner. His speech was pure Milton Friedman, whose PBS series, *Free to Choose*, he had also famously introduced.

Was there another Ronald Reagan, even more libertarian, about to spring from Hollywood into the political pantheon? It appeared so. To be sure, because of his Austrian birth, Schwarzenegger was barred from the presidency. But senator maybe? Governor? The ballroom of the Los Angeles Biltmore glowed with fervent wishes, all to be put on hold as Arnold resumed moviemaking.

In the spring of 2002, riding to the airport from downtown New Orleans with Lew Uhler, I listened to the longtime conservative activist discuss the nascent plan to recall the miserably performing governor, Gray Davis, a forlorn Democrat who'd mishandled the state's electricity grid and, with the Democratic legislature, opened a gaping deficit in the state budget. If such a recall could just get onto the ballot, we agreed, California voters would precipitate another earthquake felt around the world, in magnitude close to the Proposition 13 property tax limitation of 1978.

It would take another year and a half of groundwork from various activists and talk show hosts, but seismic pressure was building. And on October 7, 2003, Schwarzenegger swept past scores of motley candidates—includ-

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ing rightist-turned-leftist Arianna Huffington and former child star Gary Coleman—and into the governorship. Instantly ingratiating himself with voters, he kept his promise to repeal a Davis-era hike of the automobile tax. He talked about blowing up bureaucratic boxes, assembling a team of former officials and economists to review state government performance and target wasteful programs.

When, a year and a half ago, I arrived in the state capital to try to revive the old *Sacramento Union* as a monthly magazine and daily website, Governor Schwarzenegger looked invincible. After he traveled to New York to deliver an inspiringly inclusive speech to the GOP national convention, websites sprouted to repeal the constitutional ban on the foreign-born becoming president, much of the enthusiasm coming from outside the state. His poll numbers in the stratosphere, he seemed well on his way to restoring California as a political trendsetter.

Some observers, however, such as radio talker Mark Williams of Sacramento's ClearChannel powerhouse, KFBK-AM, had begun to notice things. For one, Arnold hadn't campaigned actively for President Bush's reelection. His vaunted plan to streamline state government was going nowhere, though at least the governor could cite a worker compensation reform that pleased the beleaguered business community. Arnold had become, said Williams in a low-blow reference to first lady Maria Shriver's family, "Schwarzenkennedy."

Eric Hogue, an evangelical Christian who does morning talk on the Salem network's Sacramento station, KTKZ-AM, emerged as one of the governor's leading apologists. Hogue and Williams feuded on the *Union*'s blog. Schwarzenegger, thought Hogue, was doing all he could to navigate as a Republican governor through a town jointly operated by the Democratic party and the labor unions. That was my own view, when I wasn't feeling cynical. Wait—maybe that's when I *was* feeling cynical.

The governor made some noteworthy moves, one of them to pluck Milton Friedman apostle Tom Campbell, a onetime congressman, from the Berkeley business school and name him state finance chief. Campbell had a good run. But Schwarzenegger, who says all the politically correct things about global warming, also called for mandating and subsidizing solar power in new housing—an idea not exactly lifted from *Free to Choose*. And he backed last year's morally troubling embryonic stem cell research initiative, the passage of which has created a perpetual boondoggle that Californians can't afford in the form of a $3 billion taxpayer handout to private stem cell researchers. Maybe Williams had a point about the gravitational pull of Arnold's in-laws.

Early this year the governor proposed a special election. The Democratic legislature, wanting to terminate any good plans "the governator" offered, hadn't budged. He'd vowed, given such resistance, to take a basket of reforms directly to the people. He settled on four propositions, launching them cinematically as he drove his Hummer around the Sacramento suburbs. Did he imagine an action-hero assault on some leftover Davis administration citadel? Apparently.

His four propositions would have (1) stretched out the period before teachers could earn tenure; (2) required members' approval before unions could apportion dues to political causes; (3) empowered the governor to discipline state spending, overriding the legislature; and (4) taken redistricting authority away from the legislature, assigning it instead to a panel of retired judges.

This, I thought, would be big. And it *was* big—big because Arnold's initiatives fizzled. Ignominiously. All four went down on November 8 to crushing defeat, occasioning countless post-mortems. Dan Walters, the center-right columnist for the *Sacramento Bee*, commenced a series of ten columns on the governor's mistakes, as he saw them. The most salient: Schwarzenegger supposed that a charm offensive, exploiting his celebrity, would bring the legislature into line. And he cut a Faustian deal with the teachers' union, in which the pedagogues would delay a scheduled pay hike so that he could bring the state budget more closely into balance. Improved revenue streams actually enabled him to increase school spending. But because the dollars didn't pour directly into the teachers' pockets, they were able to accuse him of reneging.

So for months leading to the special—and needlessly costly, as voters came to feel—election, California television watchers were barraged with an Orwellian campaign in which teachers, firefighters, and other public workers accused the governor of being in cahoots with "special interests"—never mind that public workers constituted the biggest special interest of all, astonishingly able to afford monstrous television buys up and down the state.

Arnold never responded, not really. His supporters told themselves to wait, this was rope-a-dope, and they'd soon see him shellacking the public workers. But he'd lost his iron fortitude, at least the fortitude he'd scripted two years before to finish off Gray Davis. Indeed, just days before the election, he cast himself in a TV spot seeming to apologize for his very persona. Just give him the tools, he pleaded, and he'd finish the reformist job. That sealed his defeat.

Arnold Steinberg, probably California's smartest political strategist, predicted the disaster, arguing the mistake was in the bundling of all those propositions in a spe-

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cial election (see, in these pages, Steinberg's "Losing Propositions," Nov. 21). Any of them individually, provided it was included on a regularly scheduled ballot, might well have passed. Together, they allowed the opposition to pool their considerable resources.

No doubt true, but it was hard to fault the governor for taking his case to the voters as he'd promised. In the ruins, many of his supporters urged Schwarzenegger to find his inner Conan. Or at least his inner libertarian, California being a "socially liberal" state, especially in the coastal counties. A small government economic approach could also bring back the rural counties, which on the electoral map turn the Golden State a counterintuitive red. Political analysts on all sides waited for a sign.

In late November, Schwarzenegger shocked Republican supporters by picking Susan Kennedy (no relation to Maria Shriver) to run his office. That means hiring and firing, policy, legislative negotiations, pretty much the whole gubernatorial shooting match. Kennedy, it so happens, served as cabinet secretary for Governor Gray Davis. Her appointment thus symbolically voids the recall itself. On top of that, she "married" her lesbian lover a few years ago in a Hawaiian ceremony attended by several Democratic legislators. That's way beyond the "social liberalism" most Californians feel comfortable with. She cut her political cuspids three decades ago in Tom Hayden's radical Campaign for Economic Democracy, ending up on the state's Public Utilities Commission, where, some claim, she experienced an antiregulatory epiphany. She did a stint as executive director of the state Democratic party.

The GOP reaction? Swift and vehement. Assemblyman Ray Haynes compared the appointment to a quarterback tossing the pigskin to the other team. Mark Johnson, a wealthy and influential Orange County Republican who oversees the board of trustees of the Hoover Institution, decried the freak decision by his fellow moderate: "I could be angry, I could be frustrated, but most of all I am just deeply saddened by the governor's choice. This appointment does more to alienate the governor's solid base of Republican support than anything I could have imagined in my worst nightmare." The California Republican Assembly, the party's conservative base, is circulating a petition to demand that the governor rescind the Kennedy appointment. Dan Schnur, former governor Pete Wilson's communications chief, suggested in his *Los Angeles Times* column that it's time for Arnold to run for reelection next year as an independent, if he runs at all.

Last week the governor gave Republican legislators an hour—*an hour*—of his time for them to vent. Vent they did, some diplomatically, some not so. The governor asked them to judge him by his record, touching on his plan to call next year for a multimillion-dollar bond for transportation improvement. According to various accounts, some were appeased. All will hear from the party base, which may be in more of a mood to take up Schnur's suggestion. If that happens, who will run for governor as a Republican next year? State Senator Tom McClintock, a solid conservative respected by the state's voters, has committed himself to running for lieutenant governor, but if Schwarzenegger goes independent, there could be time for the popular senator to move his crosshairs upward. Nobody from the private sector or academia, at this stage, looks interested.

Needless to say, a three-way race would disadvantage Republicans, many of whom, feeling misused and trapped by Schwarzenegger, could simply sit out the next election. What's more, they won't have comic actor, movie producer, and liberal activist Rob Reiner as a negative rallying point. Reiner, their biggest fear, has taken himself out of the race, perhaps figuring that Arnold has introduced enough comedy into state politics. The Democrats' best bet, if they can put aside the hack state treasurer Phil Angelides, is Steve Westly, the pro-business state controller. A founding executive at eBay and a polished speaker, Westly could persuade Republicans they can live with him.

Lew Uhler sits in his suburban Sacramento office and plots, which he's been doing since he worked for Governor Ronald Reagan in the sixties and seventies. Next year, he tells me, efforts will be made to place at least six more initiatives on the ballot, with help from Governor Schwarzenegger or without. That could repeat Steinberg's bundling problem, but Uhler, who worked on last fall's initiatives, rues the failure of the governor's team to mount a serious offensive. It's hard to resist the calculation that the next initiatives' handlers actually might be better off divorced from Arnold.

Still vague, those initiatives will probably include a way to augment the U.S. Border Patrol (Arnold has vacillated on the immigration issue); impose stiffer management on the state's constitutional amendment process; mandate voter identification (Californians do not have to produce an ID at polling places); bring back the "paycheck protection" proposal that keeps union members' dues away from unapproved political causes; introduce a school-choice tax-credit; and protect property owners (after the Supreme Court's ghastly *Kelo* decision) from eminent domain abuses. The last idea, with enthusiasts on both right and left, would be a splendid vehicle for McClintock.

Another potential player: Bruce McPherson, moderate Republican, former newspaper publisher and legisla-

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tor, and the governor's appointed secretary of state. A splendid vehicle for him, should he discover higher ambitions, would be the voter identification initiative. "Voter files in most counties," warns Uhler, "are in bad shape." Indeed, voter fraud could be the sleeper issue of 2006.

I'm with Dana Rohrabacher, near his district office in Huntington Beach, and we stop by a liquor store and deli owned by some Palestinian-American constituents. They want to know what's happening with their governor. Rohrabacher joshes with them, and then explains: "You know how it is. The governor will do 12 things, and 10 of them will be right." They seem placated. As we tote the falafels and gyros back to his house (where he's informally hosting, among others, a Special Forces trainer just back from Kurdistan, a nuclear scientist refugee from Romania, and Jeff "Skunk" Baxter, the virtuoso rock guitarist who's now a Defense Department adviser), I'm tempted to ask Dana to name Arnold's 10 good things. I don't bother.

Which brings us back to death row, where the governor faces clemency decisions more wrenching, but less celebrated, than Tookie Williams's. The next: a wheelchair-bound 75-year-old who needs heart surgery, a murderer who ordered three more slayings from his cell. An easy call, perhaps, for California conservatives, as I abandoned my own capital-punishment ambivalence in Tookie's case.

The governor's decision to execute the top Crip may have been clearly reasoned and uncluttered by political considerations. Perhaps even courageous: He departed, after all, from his European upbringing, with its anti-execution gestalt. Indeed, in Austria, where an athletic stadium was named for the hometown boy who made it big in America, there's a serious movement to rename it the Stanley Tookie Williams *Stadion*. He defied Hollywood, and probably even his wife.

But the thing is, we knew, after the Susan Kennedy fiasco, that he'd veer back right. That was scripted, triangulated. First, filling the state Supreme Court seat vacated by conservative heroine Janice Rogers Brown, picked by President Bush for the D.C. Circuit Court of Appeals, Schwarzenegger reached into the San Francisco appellate court and snagged a 57-year-old former prosecutor. Carol Corrigan is described as a moderate Republican. But the Republican right is not easily mollified by such sops, not that there's anything wrong with Judge Corrigan.

We learn now, post-Tookie, that the governor has stiffened standards for clemency. He thus joins a nationwide trend in which governors seldom overturn death penalties. The trend, certainly corresponding with, if not causing, the decline in murder rates, may please conservatives so much that it becomes a no-brainer for governors to manipulate them. That would not have been the way of Ronald Reagan, the last California governor, as it happens, to commute a death sentence. Whatever did happen to compassionate conservatism?

Logically, the new standards seem to preclude it. Even convincing evidence of death row remorse and redemption will not stay an execution. So why bother with the fiction that the governor holds such power? And why think the governor has done a good thing for conservatives, one among ten perhaps?

Increasingly, our well-muscled governor puts me in mind of Milton's Samson, who wondered:

But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom? Vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest subtleties; not made to rule . . .

Samson sought an "unfrequented place" for contemplation, a quiet venue where, having rejected predestination, he accepted that accountability accompanies free will. After the election disaster, Schwarzenegger commendably owned up to his mistaken strategy, even allowing that he should have listened to his wife.

Perhaps the governor finds such a place at the downtown Hyatt, where he's domiciled when in Sacramento, or in his personal gym. I could recommend one of my favorites, just minutes away in the Sierra foothills: Coloma. There, in 1848, on the south fork of the American River, James Marshall spotted among the rocks some nuggets of gold. He was building a timber mill for his boss, a German-Swiss immigrant named John Sutter.

American history turned on that fateful discovery; for the next few years Coloma and its environs were the center of the universe. If the Declaration of Independence warranted Americans their liberty, and Lewis and Clark paved the way, the accident at Coloma enriched Americans with a new narrative of adventure, mission, and possibility. The narrative inspired even the creation of Hollywood, which in turn inspired a young Austrian bodybuilder.

Coloma, not exactly "unfrequented" but close enough, now overlooks a state park. If the governor takes his Hummer there, he will spot an occasional tourist and the inevitable, requisite touring group of fourth-graders. Amid the stately oaks and manzanitas, standing perhaps on the wooden replica of Sutter's Mill, he can listen to clarifying waters. He can ponder how to renew the California Dream, maybe even restore it programmatically with a new emphasis on those old California values of individual freedom and responsibility.

At the very least, it's a great place for a photo-op. ♦

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The 'I'm Glad I Went' Ball, Mayfair Hotel, London, 1931

Anthony Powell's Century

Britain's novelist of manners turns 100

BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

On April 29, 1951, Kingsley Amis complained in a note to Philip Larkin about a slew of mediocre new novels he had been reading. He singled out Anthony Powell's *A Question of Upbringing* for especial contempt. "The most inconclusive book I have ever read," Amis called it. "The sort of book where you wonder whether someone has torn the last quarter out. It travels imperceptibly on its way, steadily losing direction, shedding feeling and discarding tension."

Amis seems not to have realized that he was reading only the tiniest opening installment of *A Dance to the Music of Time*, an eventual million-word monument to 20th-century London high society that would follow several hundred voyeuristic, miserly, sporting, autodidactic, Stalinist, rapacious, sluttish, alcoholic, ingenious, saintly, pedantic, and sadistic characters across two world wars and the collapse of the British Empire, from public-school playing fields to balls to country house weekends to Soho whorehouses to Singaporean prisoner-of-war camps to corporate boardrooms and to hippie communes, running from August 1914 to the autumn of 1971.

By the third volume of an eventual twelve, Amis was among the cycle's most ardent champions. In 1960 Amis described himself as "longing" for the publication of the fifth volume. A bit later he admitted that "I would rather read Mr. Powell than any English novelist now writing."

Amis's experience is not atypical. Even Powell's biographer Michael Barber, who has been obsessed for decades with *A Dance to the Music of Time*, writes of his first attempt to penetrate it: "Forty years on I can still recall my disappointment with the story." Powell, whose name rhymes with "Lowell" rather than "bowel" and who died at 94 in 2000, would have turned 100 this December 21. He reaches his centenary with his reputation coming to a kind of equilibrium. The cycle has gone in and out of vogue (and come in and out of print) every decade or so since its completion in 1975. And each time this happens, another name gets added to

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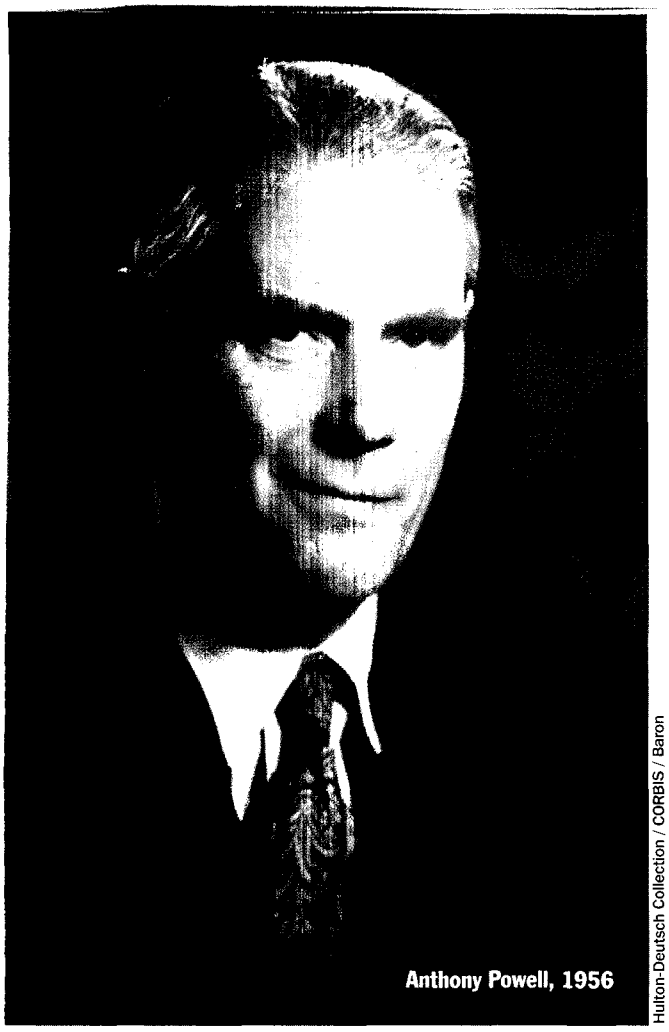

Anthony Powell, 1956

Hulton-Deutsch Collection / CORBIS / Baron

the list of those who consider *A Dance to the Music of Time* "the greatest modern novel in English since *Ulysses*" (Clive James), or even the greatest novel written in English in the 20th century, period.

These encomiums are due, whether the praisers admit it or not, to Powell's having written a novel in the traditional social-comic vein of Jane Austen. Or perhaps Fielding and Thackeray would be the better comparisons, since V.S. Pritchett, Powell's most clear-eyed critic, used to say that Powell was "the first to revive the masculine traditions of English social comedy."

Powell did not write this way because he was an old incorrigible—although, certainly, one feels a pleasant giddiness to read someone who died five years ago describing, first-hand, people born when Palmerston was prime minister. Powell's tastes in literature were decidedly modernist when he and the century were in their twenties. He was at Eton with Cyril Connolly and George Orwell. He annoyed (and was, in turn, annoyed by) Graham Greene. For a while in the 1930s he was considered the English novelist who had learned the most from Ernest Hemingway. But spending the entire Second World War in the army must have changed him as a writer. In *A Question of Upbringing*, his first novel in more than a decade, he tacked directly against what he called the "pedantic and technique-bound" style of Joyce and other modernist writers, and even against much of what he himself had written up to that point. It is not surprising that Amis was at a loss for what to make of it.

A Dance to the Music of Time begins at Eton (which is never named), where the teenage narrator Nicholas Jenkins shares rooms with two friends. One (Stringham) is a charming aristocrat, wise, but given to *longueurs* and lacking a sense of direction. The other (Templer) is the son of a tycoon, rich, fun-loving, but not exactly presentable in Stringham's company as life wears on. Through his two friends, Nick will meet much of the London that matters by the time he signs off in his late sixties. In a sense, life is just a matter of Eton ramifying endlessly. "Even now," he later writes of Stringham and Templer, "it seems to me that I spent a large proportion of my life in their close company, although the time that we were all three together was less than eighteen months."

With them at school is Kenneth Widmerpool, a fishy grotesque of undissembled careerism, the living, (heavy-) breathing antithesis of *sprezzatura*. When nervous, which is usually, he sweats and pants and frantically cleans his glasses. His boots squeak and his overcoat is the laughingstock of the school. His late father eked out a living peddling "liquid manure." It is easy to wonder what Widmerpool is doing in the book at all, except as a bit of early comic relief, to help lure you into the narrative. When he takes an office job for lack of funds to attend university, the reader can assume he has heard the last of him. But by the seventh volume of the cycle he will hold the lives of his tonier classmates in his hands. Widmerpool is not only the central character in *A Dance to the Music of Time*, he is a new kind of up-and-coming man, an archetype whose rise spells the killing-off of English society as the book's other characters know (and love) it.

When Widmerpool behaves in a predictably obtuse manner, a laughing Stringham says: "That boy will be the death of me." This turns out to be a kind of foreshadowing.

A Dance to the Music of Time is dedicated to answering the big question that draws people to novels, as surely as it draws them to high school reunions: *What becomes of people?* This is a book about what used to be called "vicissitudes." Some are dramatic. Several dozen of the most insouciant people in London are killed when a stray bomb falls on the fortieth birthday party where they are dancing. But some shifts in fortune dawn on the reader only gradually. In his first weeks at Oxford, Jenkins meets Bill Truscott, one of the most promising undergraduates in the history of Oxford, who had graduated two or three years before:

> The chief question seemed still to be how best his brilliance should be employed. To say that he could not make up his mind whether to become in due course Prime Minister, or a great poet, might sound exaggerated . . . he was at any rate sufficiently highly regarded in the university, by those who had heard of him, to make him appear a fascinating, and almost alarming figure.

When we last encounter him, Truscott is stuck as a midlevel bureaucrat working at the Coal Board.

The great boast of literary modernism has always been that it respects the contingency, the relativity, of human beings and their feelings. With its disjointed narratives, the modern novel can present characters from multiple perspectives in a way that traditional literature cannot. *A Dance to the Music of Time* does a good job of exposing this claim as garbage. In a tradition-

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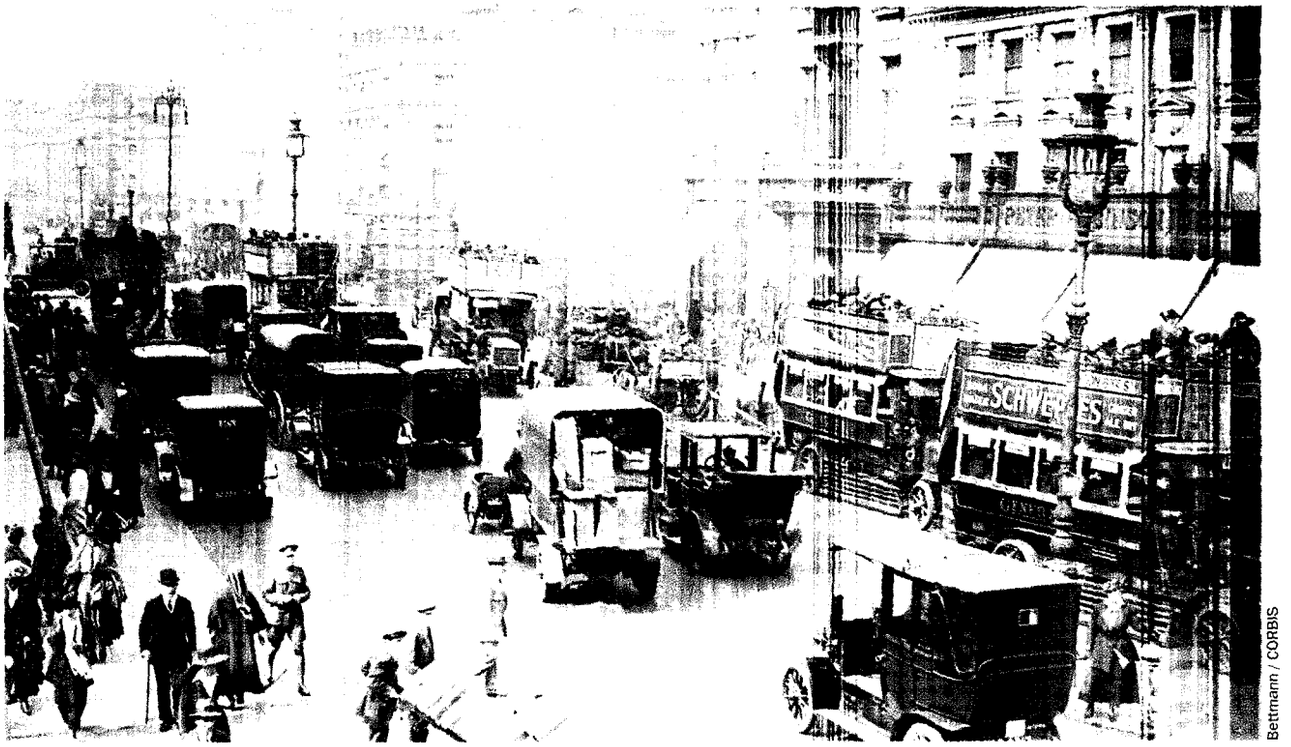

Bettmann / CORBIS

Oxford Street, London, early 1920s

al novel, the mere passage of time presents a far fuller range of perspectives than any menu of "experimental" tricks.

One cannot give a more multifaceted view of Le Bas, the sour and defeated tutor at Eton, than by having Templer note that he "started life as a poet" decades in the past, and then by showing him, decades in the future, in a "saurian" senescence, dependent for his self-esteem on the alumni over whom he once ran roughshod. Jenkins has a friend (we are protecting plot surprises here) who goes from being one of the most eligible bachelors in London to serving as a private in the army's Mobile Laundry Unit. Paintings by painters and novels by novelists conclusively revealed to their contemporaries in the 1920s as absolute charlatans come back into vogue in the 1960s, as everything gets reassessed. Evelyn Waugh said late in his life that finding out how Powell's cycle would end was one of the few reasons he wanted to stay alive.

Waugh was only two years older than Powell. They were often thought to share a style (Philip Larkin called it "Comic Mandarin") and a subject matter. Such comparisons made Powell insecure. In his undated journals, Cyril Connolly wrote (wrongly, as it turned out): "Powells to dinner, very nice. He asked for opinion on him and Evelyn. I said I thought Tony had more talent and Evelyn more vocation. Tony is likely to dry up and Evelyn to make mistakes, but you can learn from mistakes, you can't learn from drying up." The presumption was that if Powell did *not* dry up, he would be the better novelist.

A Dance to the Music of Time is plot-driven, but there is a paradox about this. So complex are the intertanglings of its hundreds of characters that few readers will be able to keep the whole thing straight in their heads. Many will be liable to read it as a novel about a milieu. A common objection raised to Powell is that he is a captive of that milieu, that he writes not so much about people as about People Like Us. In short, that he is a snob. There is not really any reasonable way to defend Powell against this charge. You can say the novel is about the middle class as well as the upper, but only if you use the definition of "middle class" that people of Powell's generation sometimes used; that is, to mean independently wealthy people without titles, or with mere baronetcies.

Powell's book spans the socioeconomic ladder of midcentury Britain from its 99th percentile to its 98th, and much of his humor is of the kind that blossoms in the mulch of class loathing. It is wry without being exactly funny. It is a humor that describes not people's looks or actions but their *situations*, the way they fit into their network of relationships, and does so with an instinctual cruelty and remorselessness. Jenkins, for instance, muses on why his Uncle Giles, the family black sheep, might find himself passing through Reading: "His connection with Reading had been established, with fair certainty, to be the result of an association with a lady who lived there: some said a manicurist: others the widow of a garage proprietor. There was, indeed, no reason why she should not have sustained both roles."

The book is not narrow, for all that: Powell's elite is much more porous than Waugh's. Even if Powell despises median Britons—and there is every textual evidence that he does—his elite is not inclined to raise the drawbridge against them. Most of the commoners one meets here—whether men-on-the-make like Widmerpool and the literary operator Quiggin, or ideologues like the Stalinist agitator Gypsy Jones—are in the throes of something that puts them in headlong flight from their class of origin.

Michael Barber is of the opinion that very little in *A Dance to the Music of Time* is invented. If, therefore, we think of Nicholas Jenkins as Powell's own alter ego, we get the sense of Powell as

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an ice-cold person who never felt any desperate need to be affirmed as belonging to the best circles, the way Waugh did. (This may not be unrelated to Powell's marriage to the daughter of the Earl of Longford.) On the one hand, Jenkins is a bit of a phony, rather like Nick Carraway, the narrator of *The Great Gatsby*, who is "inclined to reserve all judgments, a habit that has opened up many curious natures to me and also made me the victim of not a few veteran bores." His conduct never commits him to anything. He is along for every prank, but never makes any social *faux pas* that requires atonement or even adjustment. Jenkins can be a confidant of commoners—Widmerpool has his only guileless moments when bragging to Jenkins about his schemes for advancement—without ever raising the suspicion that commoners are his natural habitat.

Jenkins's dirty secret is his intellectual curiosity. He dissents from the ethic of ostentatious mediocrity that characterizes the English upper crust. Powell himself had the same sort of attitude. In 1959, he praised a biography of the 19th-century psychologist and sex theorist Havelock Ellis for

> the picture it gives of the curious politico-intellectual circles in which Ellis and his friends moved. At one end of the scale were figures like Shaw, soon to be rich and successful beyond the dreams of avarice; at the other, strange, forgotten folk who shade off into a ramshackle, near-criminal world. This was the community which largely formed so many views accepted in our own day.

This, *mutatis mutandis*, is the community of *A Dance to the Music of Time*. If Powell prefers the perspective of the outsider looking in, it is in an ambiguous way. His attitude is summed up in a passage he wrote on Lytton Strachey in the 1950s: "Strachey as a writer," declared Powell, "does not wear well. He could be intelligent, witty, the master of a phrase, and was usually genuinely absorbed by his subject matter. These qualities are vitiated by a giggling egotism that at its best often offers no more than the Victorian approach turned the other way up, and, at its worst, a deliberate falsification."

Powell, that is, insists on a respect for the world as it is. He likes intellectual curiosity, but not subversion. (In this he is the polar opposite of the recent generation of literary theorists, who praise "subversion" but lack intellectual curiosity.) Powell views sex, about which he is as inquisitive as he is lenient, as the source of the society's minor "deliberate falsifications." Communism, broadly understood to include Nazism, is the source of its major ones. Powell does not see many differences between the antidemocratic ideologies on offer in his time. His yardstick is whether they aim to destroy the world his characters inhabit, and in this their differences are negligible. The kind of characters who, in the 1930s, say "I like the little man they've got in Germany now" are likely to emerge as agents of Stalin in the 1950s. (And then, not to give away too much plot, as hippie cult heroes in the 1960s.) It is characteristic of Widmerpool's can-do attitude that he hates the Poles for raising a fuss about the Katyn Forest massacre.

For Powell, the Spanish Civil War is an archetype of the kind of politics—Americans would call it limousine liberalism—that flourishes on the outposts of totalitarianism. On one side are snobby megalomaniacs, like the novelist St. John Clarke ("'People like myself look forward to a social revolution in a country that has remained feudal far too long,' said St. John Clarke, speaking now almost benignly, as if the war in Spain was being carried on just to please him personally") and Jenkins's brother-in-law, "Erry" Tolland, the Viscount of Warminster ("'Oh, are you on strike?' asked Erridge, brightening up at once, as if it were for him a rare, unexpected pleasure to find himself in such close contact with a real striker. 'In that case you simply must come and have a meal with me'"). They live in symbiosis with social-climbers like the "progressive" poet J.G. Quiggin (a networking-class hero, one could say) who use such enthusiasms to peel money out of gullible aristocrats, and gain access to the drawing rooms of socialites and the bedrooms of their daughters.

Powell decided to write *A Dance to the Music of Time* during World War II. He was resigned that the war would destroy the last remnants of the world in which he had passed his youth, and sought a way to preserve it. Whether he considered it from this angle or not, only an English novelist could have preserved that world. Almost anyone else would consider it a society too sadistic, selfish, and unfair to merit preserving. In an essay on Powell several decades ago, V.S. Pritchett expressed the view that the key English value—out of which all other values grow—is cruelty. "To stand up to the best manners of English society," he wrote, "one has to be rude, exclusive and tough. One must be interested in behaviour, not in emotions; in the degree to which people hold their forts—and how much money the forts cost—not in what human beings are."

There is a terrible paradox about this. Americans have always been content—and an increasing part of the world, including the Powellian classes in England, is becoming content—with a society that pays more attention to emotions than behavior. In any newspaper sports section, athletes' frowning and weeping and trash-talking and high-fiving are more frequently photographed than anything they do on the playing field. But the fact that sports *provoke* emotions does not mean that they are *about* emotions. It is the same with novels. It is impossible to write a novel of the very highest sort unless you believe that behavior is more interesting (and no more superficial) than "what human beings are."

Hence the paradox. *A Dance to the Music of Time* is about a social system that can be cruel, and that few of us would want. And yet, like most classic English novels, it will inspire Americans to—I am afraid this is the word—*envy* the intricacy and elaboration of a social system that can create such beautiful patterns of charm and power. We modern people, we Americans, tend to look at social systems as annoying impediments to the poetry of life. Anthony Powell may have been the last novelist to realize that the system *is* the poetry, under certain circumstances. And perhaps under most. ♦

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Partners in Crime

The moral complications of doing business with Hitler. BY MICHAEL BURLEIGH

When I started teaching the history of modern Germany 20 years ago, it was still obligatory to devote considerable attention to *Marxisant* attempts to pin the blame for fascism on this or that element of big business. Much of the literature was by scholars of a leftist disposition, while classes on fascism or Nazism tended to attract a disproportionate number of students from the radical fringes. Things have moved on since then, it being more common nowadays to discuss Nazism as a species of "racial state," or even as a surrogate religion, a notion that owes much to conservative scholars like Raymond Aron or Eric Voegelin writing in the 1930s.

Reference to the Nazis is *de rigueur* to anyone wanting to take a low shot at anything or anyone they don't care for, the "safety Nazis" being a striking case in point.

Twenty years ago, one strong voice, that of Henry Ashby Turner, stood out against the left's attempts to criminalize large-scale capitalism on the back of events in the Third Reich, his *German Big Business and the Rise of Hitler* being a very precise audit of where real moral culpability lay. Following a fascinating detour into the possible alternatives to Hitler's chancellorship, Turner has returned to his former stomping ground with a first-rate study of General Motors's German automotive subsidiary, Opel.

General Motors and the Nazis
The Struggle for Control of Opel, Europe's Biggest Carmaker
by Henry Ashby Turner Jr.
Yale, 208 pp., $38

CORBIS

James Mooney

His book builds on preparatory archival work that General Motors commissioned in 1999-2000 when it faced class action suits concerning its subsidiary's wartime exploitation of foreign forced labor. Entirely independently of these extra-historical concerns, Turner has used the materials he assembled as the basis for his fair-minded and tightly argued book.

General Motors acquired Opel in 1928 for slightly over $33.3 million, part of a wave of U.S. investment in a Weimar economy that had weathered hyperinflation and currency stabilization. Opel had been founded in 1862, branching out from sewing machines to bicycles, and then trucks and high-end cars after the turn of the century. Although General Motors held all the stock, and senior U.S. executives called the shots, local sensitivities and linguistic realities were respected by the retention of many Germans in senior positions.

The acquisition of Opel could not have been more poorly timed. Large-scale losses and layoffs almost immediately ensued as the waves of Depression crashed into Germany. General Motors had to pump a further $8 million into its ailing subsidiary at a time when its own corporate profits had sunk to a paltry $165,000. Currency restrictions meant that GM could not simply roll up its costly mistake.

The advent of Hitler's regime in January 1933 was a mixed blessing. If the hyper-nationalist sole party seemed unlikely to tolerate foreign ownership of a major strategic company, its enthusiasm for rapid motorization as a lever of economic recovery augured well for the company's order books and balance sheets. Since it was near impossible to take profits out of Germany, by reinvesting them, General Motors more than doubled the value of its initial outlay, with Opel becoming the biggest car manufacturer in Europe. This was a handsome return, even if Opel lost out on the competition to manufacture the Volkswagen to the designer-genius Ferdinand Porsche.

Both General Motors and Opel rapidly adapted to life under a totalitarian dictatorship. The representation of the workforce was instantly Nazified and the factories infested with spies. One or two Jewish managers were transferred elsewhere, and a metallurgist was sent to Vauxhall, GM's British subsidiary. When 260 workers at the Rüsselheim plant near Frankfurt briefly downed tools, the Gestapo arrived to arrest the ringleaders and discipline the rest. The local Nazi gauleiter, Jakob Springer, proved to be a bullying pest. His repeated attempts to rig appointments within the company were stymied by Opel's cultivation of the army and Luftwaffe, for whom the firm began manufacturing not only heavy Blitz trucks but aircraft gears and components for the

Michael Burleigh, whose The Third Reich: A New History, *won the Samuel Johnson Prize for nonfiction, is author of the forthcoming* Earthly Powers: The Clash of Religion in Europe from the French Revolution to the Great War.

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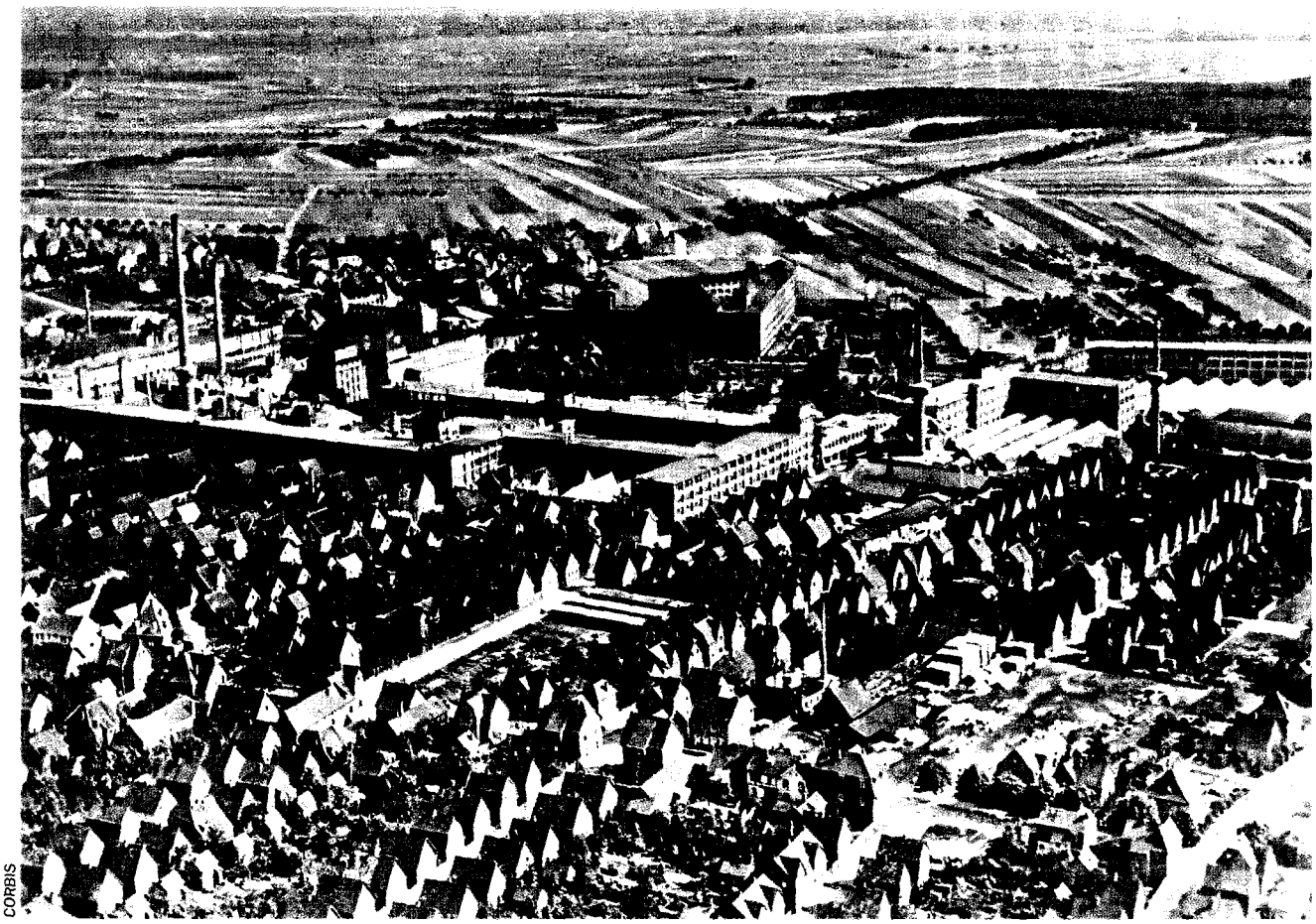

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The Opel works, Russelheim

Junkers 88 bomber. The outbreak of war brought moral issues that the firm preferred not to notice.

In a calculated act of deception, GM's head of overseas operations, James Mooney, assured U.S. senior management that "it shall be the firm policy of the Adam Opel A-G that the Company shall under no circumstances become engaged in the manufacture of material peculiar to war alone," even as his products were killing tens of thousands in bombing raids on London and other British cities. American executives knew perfectly well what the Opel subsidiary was producing, resorting to such euphemisms as "special products" to make this more morally palatable. This was in conformity with GM's senior executive, Alfred P. Sloan, whose philosophy held that "an international business operating throughout the world, should conduct its operations in strictly business terms, without regard to the political beliefs of its management, or the political beliefs of the countries in which it is operating." This did not inhibit Mooney's meddling in high politics. Mooney was an Irish American, with an amorally simplistic view of the world, and an inflated sense of his importance in it. He tried to insert himself as a peace broker, shuttling between Hitler, Roosevelt, and the British Foreign Office, under the illusion that businessmen such as he could achieve the impossible, provided one left out such sentimentalities as international morality.

Although mounting tension between the United States and Germany meant that the ties between GM and Opel became increasingly exiguous, profits derived from manufacturing land mines and torpedoes, as well as military vehicles and aircraft, were scrupulously booked to the parent corporation's advantage. Opel followed other German firms into the vortex of criminality that the Nazis spread over German life, as the wartime factories became heavily reliant on foreign forced labor. These workers, who in 1944 comprised a quarter of the workforce, were not only miserably treated, but also corralled in barracks where they were sitting ducks for Allied bombers.

Turner may be technically right when he says that "it is an elementary principle of all equitable systems of law that owners of property cannot be held liable for uses made of it when, in their enforced absence, it is controlled by others, as was Opel during the time of forced labor," but a large moral question mark hangs over GM's decision in 1951 to reclaim Opel's wartime dividends. Sometimes Turner gets bogged down in the minutiae of office politics, making passages of the book sluggish. There is also no comparative dimension with, for example, Woolworth's, which pulled its business out of Germany in disgust at its government's anti-Semitic policies. But these are minor criticisms of a book that, in its quiet way, proves the old adage that when you sup with the Devil you had better bring a long spoon—or better still, decline the invitation. ♦

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Money at Work

John M. Olin's philosophy of philanthropy.

BY LESLIE LENKOWSKY

In 2002, the last year covered by a recent Foundation Center study, the Ford Foundation devoted nearly $300 million to "social-justice grantmaking," aimed at making "structural change in order to increase the opportunity of those who are the least well off politically, economically, and socially." Since turning its attention to promoting conservative and libertarian ideas about public policy in the middle of the 1970s, the John M. Olin Foundation spent not much more than that on all its grants. But regardless of their political views, few would deny that, dollar-for-dollar, Olin's influence has been more profound.

A Gift of Freedom
How the John M. Olin Foundation Changed America
by John J. Miller
Encounter, 232 pp., $25.95

With it about to close its checkbook for good, John J. Miller's discerning account of the John M. Olin Foundation's grantmaking record could not be timelier. *A Gift of Freedom* examines not only what the foundation did, but also how it operated. Miller shows that affecting important areas of public policy—if not quite changing America—requires neither a lot of money nor extraordinary genius, but just the kind of convictions and experience that many of those with the wealth to establish foundations possess.

Before the 1970s, no one would have expected John M. Olin to devote his giving to changing much of anything. A chemist and the head of a successful manufacturing company, Olin adopted an approach to philanthropy that looked like that of most wealthy businessmen: large contributions for hospitals, museums, university endowments, research on diseases, conservation, and other conventional causes. He even bred dogs and horses, including a Kentucky Derby winner.

But the 1960s changed that. A graduate and later a trustee of Cornell, Olin was a loyal benefactor until a group of students, armed with rifles, took over the student union, demanding the creation of a black studies program and other changes. Afterwards, he wrote that "it is unfortunate that Cornell is suffering with the impact of such ill-advised demonstrations," and called on the school to raise its admissions requirements. More turmoil followed, including Watergate, which forced out of office a president to whose reelection Olin had contributed $100,000.

These events led Olin to rethink his philanthropy. In the spring of 1973, he told Frank O'Connell, the executive vice president of his company, that he wanted to use his fortune to preserve the political and economic system that had made its accumulation possible. This was not a novel idea. Nearly a century earlier, Andrew Carnegie had urged his fellow Gilded Age industrialists to do likewise. But instead of supporting libraries and other institutions that might help the poor or other potentially disaffected groups reap the benefits of the American dream, as Carnegie had done, Olin recognized that the principles underpinning American life itself were now under attack and required a strategy for defending them.

At the time, business leaders such as David Packard and future Supreme Court Justice Lewis Powell were voicing similar views. Resigning from the board of the Ford Foundation in 1977, Henry Ford II chastised its management for not being sufficiently supportive of wealth-creating measures. Other grantmakers, most notably the Smith Richardson and Sarah Scaife foundations, were also developing programs to do something similar to what Olin had in mind.

But what distinguished the John M. Olin Foundation was its single-minded devotion to the purpose its founder set out for it. As Miller explains, this was partly because its trustees and leaders shared Olin's view—particularly the man Olin selected as the foundation's president, former treasury secretary William Simon, whose experience in the Ford administration had convinced him that the nation's core principles were indeed endangered. (After Olin's death in 1982, Simon became the main architect of the foundation's activities.) The foundation's program staff was led initially by O'Connell, and then by Michael Joyce and, eventually, James Piereson, brought to their jobs intellectual substance as well as administrative ability. Finally, a small network of like-minded advisers helped the staff identify projects in line with its objectives.

Most important of all was the foundation's decision to pursue its goals by funding scholars, writers, small-circulation journals, think tanks, student societies, and other kinds of organizations that might at first have seemed unlikely to be agents of far-reaching political change. Previously, business-funded efforts to promote "free enterprise" had mostly involved economics education for schoolchildren, advertising campaigns, and various types of public relations efforts on the theory that changing popular opinion was critical for success. Backing for magazines and academics was sparse, since few donors believed that the views of a relatively small number of intellectuals would make much difference in a country as big and democratic as the United States.

Leslie Lenkowsky is professor of philanthropic studies and public affairs at Indiana University.

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Time Life Pictures / Getty Images / Dan Weiner

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Olin, 1958

The record of the Olin Foundation proves otherwise. Its support for law-school centers applying economics to legal studies influenced regulatory decisions, court cases, and economic policies, while helping develop a generation of lawyers (and now judges) well versed in traditional notions of federalism and limited government. Foundation-funded books and studies shaped the policy debate over welfare and education, among other issues. Grants to Allan Bloom, Dinesh D'Souza, and a network of conservative student newspapers called attention to the growth of political correctness on campus; underwriting for the *New Criterion* and other cultural projects illuminated the politicization of the arts and humanities. Though mostly focused on domestic problems, Olin money also helped foster debate over the American "national interest" in a post-Cold War world, most notably through magazines and graduate fellowships that prepared some of today's leading foreign policy analysts.

All this—and much more—was accomplished by grants that amounted to, at most, $400 million over a 30-year period. How the Olin Foundation made such an impact has already elicited several assessments from the left, eager to see the grantmakers on its side do more and better. When not exaggerating the amount of funds deployed, these accounts usually emphasize the conservative foundations' steadfast focus, ability to collaborate, and willingness to provide long-term organizational support (as opposed to short-term assistance for particular projects).

Miller's book underscores these conclusions, and adds another important reason: John M. Olin's desire that his foundation not long outlive his hand-picked president, William Simon, who died five years ago. As Sears cofounder Julius Rosenwald observed in the 1920s, philanthropies designed to exist forever often wind up becoming stale and bureaucratic, while those set up to spend all their assets over a fixed period of time are more likely to take risks and leave a mark when they succeed. Though a rarity among today's foundations, which are usually created to go on making grants indefinitely, the Olin Foundation, in Miller's judgment, would not have had as much influence as it did without deciding to "sunset."

But its departure also leaves a lot of unfinished business. While conservative and libertarian ideas are more ascendant today than they were in the mid-1970s, one doubts that John M. Olin (let alone William Simon) would have been satisfied, especially with the state of affairs on college and university campuses, which remain largely captivated by the enthusiasms of the 1960s. Moreover, along with the Olin Foundation going out of business, changes in leadership and priorities have led some of its principal philanthropic allies (and even some grantees) to pursue other kinds of projects, or even to close up shop altogether. At the same time, according to the Foundation Center's study, the Ford Foundation and other "social-justice" grant makers are stepping up their grant making, which now approaches $2 billion annually, with some sympathetic businessmen promising even more to overcome conservative groups' supposed spending advantage.

To be sure, if money alone could buy success in advancing ideas for political and economic change, the United States would be listing far to the left. No small part of the problems faced by "social-justice" grant makers is that their views of what should be done are still rooted in the 1960s, and lack contemporary appeal. In any case, the right has always been able to look to other sources of support, such as contributions from middle-class households, corporations, and religious groups, to make up for its limited access to foundation grants. Yet, even if ample in amount, such funding cannot always replace foundation-sponsored initiatives that are especially innovative, risky, or unlikely to appeal to ordinary donors.

That is why it is of no little consequence where the philanthropists emerging from the high-tech fortunes of the 1990s may want to use the Olin Foundation as a model, some of them seem more inclined to focus on possibly important, but less controversial efforts—such as subsidizing vaccine research and health clinics, or creating model schools and management training programs rather than engaging in the intellectual and policy debates that rage today. While there's much talk of "venture philanthropy" among those creating the grant-making foundations of the future, there's not yet been evidence of much willingness to venture, at least not by comparison with what John M. Olin and his associates did when they set out to alter the political and economic landscape.

Whatever the reasons for such reticence, the loss not just to the nation's intellectual life, but also to philanthropy, could be substantial. If those considering what to do with their fortunes want to explore a different route, however, a good place to start is with John J. Miller's inspiring account of the small but mighty John M. Olin Foundation. ♦

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The Hunger Artist

Christine Schutt's spare portrait of family disintegration. BY EDITH ALSTON

Viewing the world with the hard-edged precision of a child who has seen too much, Alice Fivey assesses adults according to the offhand things she hears them say over her head. Their physicality she rarely bothers to notice unless they are much loved, very old, or positioned outside her ordinary line of vision.

"She was on her knees and rubbing her back against parts of the house and backing into corners and sliding out from under curtains, rump polishing the floor," Alice begins, remembering a moment in her mother's drastic mental deterioration. "Talk to me. Be a daughter," her mother was saying to her, in a voice without inflection, as if her mind was on something else.

What Mother's mind may have been on was Walter, the alcoholic and abusive boyfriend in the next room. For both Alice and her mother (also named Alice), Florida at the start of this story is already the place of happy memories and dreamed-of reunions, where the young Alice remembers her parents at the cocktail hour, and herself tasting the sweet succulence of sugared fruit sections topped with a maraschino cherry.

Once, like Oliver Twist, she asked her father, "Could I have more?" And her father answered, "Sure."

Edith Alston is a writer and editor in New York.

Florida
by Christine Schutt
Harvest/Harcourt, 156 pp., $12

David Kersey

Now Father is dead, a possible suicide, drowned in his car, and Mother writes her occasional letters from "the San." Alice, meanwhile, is shuttled between the "rooms and rooms and rooms" of her Nonna's grand house at one end of a lake somewhere in the Midwest and her Uncle Billy's house at the other, with an occasional foray to a second house of Uncle Bilaly and Aunt Frances in Arizona.

Ten was her age, Alice says, when "Mother left for good and this sleep-over life began." Now Nonna is a speechless and decrepit shell of her former self, kept alive by nurses; Uncle Billy has the feckless pastimes of a man who has never had to earn a living, and Aunt Frances the frugality of a woman who wants to keep what she has. And Florida for both Alices is also a foil-lined box, built by Arthur, the family chauffeur, where Mother used to lie with dark-painted toenails getting an out-of-season tan, holding onto an illusion of warmth in the time before illness overwhelmed her.

For a time, only Arthur seems to recognize that Alice has needs, and to be there at crucial moments that connect to her past, and especially to who her parents once were. For this, Alice loves Arthur and is grateful to him, but also knows in her austere self-awareness her capacity to betray him. In a family feeling too privileged for anybody to have to recognize any needs but their own, she picks up her clues about how to live and think and feel with the randomness of someone collecting refundable soda cans.

And Mother is never really gone. She is the longed-for, the once-visited, sometimes dreaded and imminent presence, who escapes from "the San" eventually, and even makes a tenuous life for herself on the West Coast. There, finally, Alice will know her again before she disappears.

For all such elements, there is nothing Dickensian about this taut and intricately told tale. (Nor is Alice like Jane Eyre, a comparison repeatedly suggested once her English teacher becomes one of the two sympathetic male characters.) Schutt writes arthroscopically, plunging deep into a succession of small moments she examines with a close-up lens—then withdraws, leaving the surrounding tissue undisturbed. Later, if she needs more of a moment, she plunges again, picking up another detail or two off the periphery.

She never gives her readers more than necessary; she's a latter-day hunger artist, keeping them wanting more.

In a story so narrowly and steeply told, the risk is that characters other than the protagonist will get too little time under the author's lens. Schutt's way of mostly avoiding this is to cover a time span long enough for some of Alice's assessments to prove unreliable. Threading her way into adulthood, making choices grounded in what sometimes feels like a distressing inevitability, she also views characters out of her past with unexpected generosity.

And from the opening paragraph, always intensifying at the heart of this story, is the question: In what ways will Alice be the daughter her mother asks her to be? Meted out in a spare 156 pages—with considerable white space allotted to page breaks, text shoved down the page by reiterating section titles, and sections ending well short of the bottom of the page—the answer is both daunting and heartening, almost bitterly honest, and ultimately redeeming.

Florida is Schutt's first novel, and a National Book Award finalist. Now out in paperback, it is not always a pretty story, but is always handsomely told. ♦

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Down for the Count

Brutality, boxing—and what else?

BY KYLE SMITH

Raging Bull has been acclaimed as a great American movie since the day it was released 25 years ago. Writing in the *New York Times*, Vincent Canby found it "a big film, its territory being the landscape of the soul," while *Newsweek*'s Jack Kroll called it "the best American film of the year" and the best film about boxing ever.

If Martin Scorsese's adaptation of middleweight boxer Jake La Motta's autobiography was initially heaped with praise, today it is buried in it. Among its eight Oscar nominations, it won two (although not Best Picture, which went to Robert Redford's family drama *Ordinary People*). Today, *Ordinary People* is derided as pretty and emotional, if it is remembered at all. *Raging Bull* was called the best film of the 1980s by Siskel & Ebert, *Premiere*, *USA Today*, and a poll of film critics published in *American Film*. A 2002 survey of directors by the British magazine *Sight & Sound* called it the sixth best film of all time; the American Film Institute survey of film professionals ranks it 24th, ahead of every film that has come out since except *Schindler's List*. The November 25 issue of *Entertainment Weekly* declares that "any list of greatest movies begins with Martin Scorsese's black-and-white epic about Jake La Motta."

But is any allegedly great movie so unpleasant to sit through? With its corrosive language (the film's favorite epithet appears 128 times, reports *EW*), its claustrophobic scenes of family brawls, and its greedy eye for ring violence—the scene in which sportswriters are splashed with what looks like a gallon of La Motta's blood is particularly grotesque—*Raging Bull* is a 129-minute storm of hostility. After a quarter-century in which I could sit through only portions of it on television, I finally managed to endure the whole unnerving experience for the first time last winter, when the movie was rereleased in Manhattan in an effort to guilt-trip Academy members who have never awarded an Oscar to Scorsese into voting for his latest, and far more nuanced, release, *The Aviator*. The ploy didn't work.

Raging Bull's interest is brutality. But just as a film about boredom shouldn't be dull, this one shouldn't make the viewer feel as though he's taken a pounding. After a brief introduction, Scorsese bursts into the middle of La Motta's life. The fighter, ferociously played by Robert De Niro, suffers a beating in a fight; then, in his kitchen, starts a screaming match with his wife over a steak. Out of control, La Motta flips over the kitchen table.

The pattern continues throughout: professional violence followed by the recreational kind. Only about 10 minutes of the film actually take place inside the boxing ring, but La Motta fights in nearly every scene, either with his second wife Vickie (Cathy Moriarty) or his brother Joey (Joe Pesci). He finally alienates both so much that he is left to pound away at himself. In the climactic moment, when La Motta is jailed on a morals charge, he attacks the stone walls of his cell with his fists and his head, crying, "Why? Why? Why? . . . They said I was an animal. I'm not an animal."

But that is exactly what he is; De Niro himself, Scorsese says in a documentary included with the DVD, compared the Bronx Bull to a crab, and animal noises such as an elephant's roar frequently appear in the sound mix when La Motta is in tantrum mode. For all of its technical mastery—the sound effects by Frank Warner and Michael Chapman's black-and-white photography are monuments to their craft—*Raging Bull* is not what Roger Ebert called it: "an *Othello* for our times." Tragedy presupposes downfall, but a roach can't fall. Nor is the film an investigation into evil; this guy is just a jerk. At the beginning he is a fit jerk, at the end he is a fat jerk, and he is a jerk at every point in between. Even when La Motta wins the championship belt, neither Scorsese nor De Niro can locate much triumph in the moment. Jake goes home and accuses his brother of sleeping with his wife. He scares away one, then beats the other.

Has any character study shown so little interest in character? Who is La Motta? Why is he so angry? Is he insane? Where did he come from?

Scorsese made a conscious decision not to tell us any of these things, or even to hint at them, because he thinks to do so would be a cliché. Tackling La Motta's background, the director says in a commentary to accompany the DVD, would have "smacked of kind of an old-fashioned way of making movies and writing stories which made the audience feel, let's say, at ease. . . . You would feel that, 'Well, okay, he came from a bad neighborhood, he became a thief in order to survive. Now we understand that.' . . . It kind of makes them stop thinking . . . the idea was we wanted to make it more powerful and do him as a human being. Accept him as he is. Or not. And not relying on antiquated ideas of motivation because nothing's that simple."

Bravo for rejecting the idea that a wayward individual is just a feather on a polluted breeze. But in stripping away any hint of what is going on inside La Motta, Scorsese goes too far in the other direction. Motivation is not "an antiquated idea," but the essential component of character, and the boiling anger of De Niro's performance does not "do him as a human

Kyle Smith is movie critic for the New York Post.

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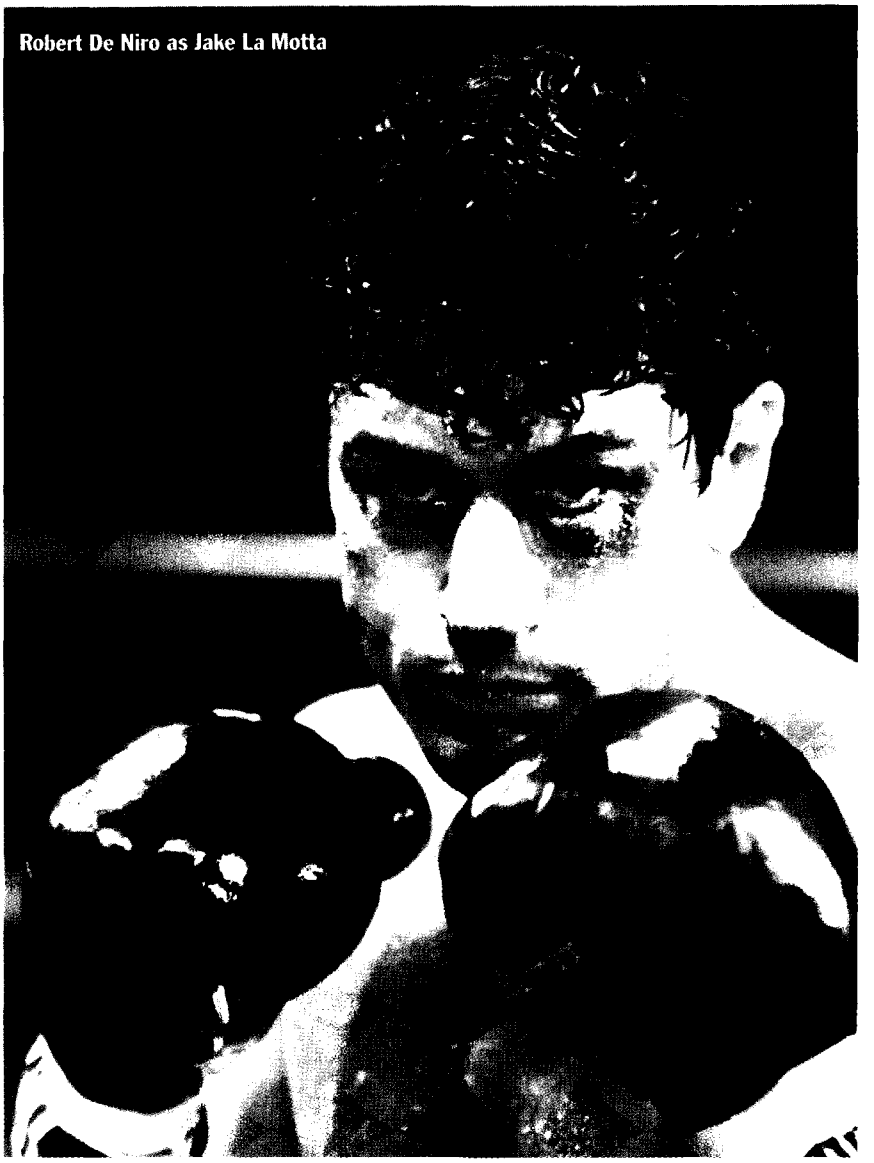
being." That makes the film, for all its beautiful images, shallow. It is a celluloid bimbo, because Scorsese doesn't care what's going on inside his protagonist.

"Why should anybody say anything came from anywhere?" Scorsese asked the *Times* in 1980. "Reasons? We never discussed reasons." That existential shrug is chilling.

Does any allegedly great film have less inventive dialogue? Even the most ardent fans of *Raging Bull* do not walk around with its words on their lips, because the lines are so utilitarian, so undistinguished, that if you cited them in conversation no one would guess what movie you were referring to. There is "Shut up, I'm gonna smack you in the face" and "You f— my wife?" and "You're so stupid," and much more of the same. Even *2001*, a film whose dialogue is tightly rationed and purposefully anodyne, has its "Just what do you think you're doing, Dave?"

Critics of *Raging Bull* generally find its barbarism vital: Some people are like this, they say. It doesn't take long to figure out which people they are talking about. Wrote Kroll, "Scorsese shows the whole 1940s macho Italian Catholic Mafia culture of the Bronx as an inside-out world, a Vatican of violence . . . violence is the sacrament of this culture." Canby praised the film for refusing to "explain away in either sociological or psychiatric terms, or even in terms of the Roman Catholicism of [La Motta's] Italian-American heritage." So Canby thought the three possible reasons for La Motta's outbursts are: He's poor, he's nuts, he's Catholic.

De Niro and Scorsese's La Motta is so lacking in awareness of himself or his achievements that, when he needs bail money, he mindlessly hammers the jewels out of his championship belt one by one instead of taking the whole belt to the pawn shop. Only for one moment does he seem to reflect. After he is robbed of a victory on points, La Motta tells his brother, "I done a lot of bad things, Joey, maybe it's coming back to me." That's early in the film. By the end, when he's tired and fat and reduced to giving halting performances of the I-coulda-been-a-contender monologue from *On the Waterfront* at night clubs, he has, Scorsese tells us, learned nothing. The Terry Malloy speech is about how throwing a fight destroyed his life. In choosing Malloy's words, La Motta seems to reveal that, after a lifetime of thuggery, he still thinks the only thing he ever did wrong was to take a dive against Billy Fox.


Robert De Niro as Jake La Motta

Bettmann / CORBIS

Contrast the character's lack of perception with this man's:

> It's impossible to describe the smell of a tenement to someone who's never lived in one. You can't just put your head in the door and sniff. You have to live there day and night, summer and winter, so the smell gets a chance to sink into your soul. There's all the dirt that the super never really manages to get clean even on the days when he does an hour's work, and this dirt has a smell, gray and dry and after you've smelled it long enough, suffocating. And diapers. The slobs who live in tenements are always having kids and naturally they don't have the money for any diaper service, so the old lady is always boiling diapers on the stove and after a while the smell gets into the walls.

That's La Motta, in his book, *Raging Bull*. In a few lines we understand everything about this man: who he was, where he came from, the color of his soul. He sees and he feels. The film lies. He is not an animal. ♦

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Season's Greetings from the Spurlongs!

To our cherished Jewish friends: *Happy Chanukah!* To our dear Muslim sisters and brothers: *Joyous Eid!* To our wonderful African-American families: *Blessed Kwanzaa!* And to the rest of you: *Just remember, only three years and 26 days until Inauguration Day 2009!*

So here we are in the fifth year of the Bush Captivity of American Democracy, and yet, there are so many personal blessings to count! At last year's Woodstock 35th Reunion, Brad caught up with two old "comrades" (as he calls them—wink, wink!) from Harvard Strike Committee days, and the three of them spent this year raising capital for several environmentally friendly (and so far successful!) ventures in the IT world. Who says virtue isn't its own reward?

Kate is now in her 19th year (no, she can't believe it, either) as a partner at Croupe, Wainscott and says (no surprise here) she finds her pro bono work with anti-globalization activists "almost as much fun" as her corporate portfolio. Brad still plays a mean, if slightly wobbly, game of squash at the NYAC when he isn't mentoring in East Harlem, and Kate took time out from her single-scull rowing to sue (pro bono again!) to get the Boy Scouts out of Bryant Park. Final score: Kate 1, Homophobia 0!

Any bad news? Well, Dick Cheney is still vice president, and we had our own mini-Katrina when the pipes froze last winter at our "Shangri-La" in the Adirondacks. Fortunately, most of the flooding was confined to the fitness room—"our own little Gitmo torture chamber," as Brad calls it—and we made the best of adversity by installing solar panels and a much-needed sauna and hydro-pool spa during repairs. Kate and Brad were in Tuscany with old friends from the Upper West Side years when it all happened, and, hurrying home, stopped in Paris to see Brad's brother and his family and assure everyone we met that not every American is a member of the Religious Right!

Caleb spent the last year camping in Oregon and the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge (while it still exists!), visiting classmates in California and Boston, and answering phones during WGBH's pledge drive. He had an "awesome" time, he tells us, at his fifth Groton reunion, catching up with old friends and teachers, and is talking about an MBA somewhere down the line. Ariel is a junior majoring in semiotics at Brown, and visited Cuba last summer with a group from the National Council of Churches before sailing to Eleuthera with her friend Todd.

For the holidays we plan to join Brad's parents for Everett's 90th birthday in Hobe Sound and a little down time in Jamaica (Kate loves reggae more than ever!) before New Year's Eve in Manhattan, and another year of making the world just a little bit better!

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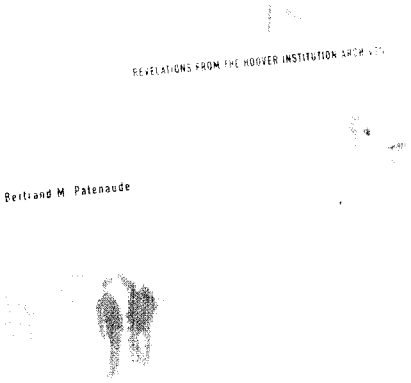
Critical Reading on the Hoover Institution Archives

Archival Treasures of the Twentieth Century



This strikingly ***attractive new book uses archival treasures from the Hoover Institution to narrate and illustrate a wide range of the key ideas, struggles, and conflicts of the twentieth century.***

The remarkable collections of the Hoover Institution Archives are for the first time showcased for the reading public in a large-format, generously illustrated book. Drawing on a vast trove of rare historical documents and artifacts, *A Wealth of Ideas* examines the great wars, revolutions, political and intellectual movements, and outstanding individuals of the twentieth century. Along the way, it tells the story of the origins and evolution of the Hoover Institution and the amassing of its world-renowned archives. The result is a visually attractive, engagingly written, and altogether thought-provoking book that also stands as a work of quality scholarship.

A Wealth of Ideas is epic in scale. The author, Bertrand Patenaude, has assembled an impressive cast of characters, including many of the most influential figures of the age, among them Woodrow Wilson and Leon Trotsky, Friedrich von Hayek and Henry Ford, Karl Popper and Joseph Goebbels, Chiang Kai-shek and Boris Pasternak, and Bertrand Russell and John Maynard Keynes. The book contains nearly 300 illustrations, including political posters, photographs, film stills, original artwork, typed and holograph public and private manuscripts, letters, and diaries. The effect is to open a window into one of the richest historical archives in the world.

Bertrand M. Patenaude is a research fellow at the Hoover Institution, Stanford University. He is the author of The Big Show in Bololand *(Stanford University Press, 2002).*

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